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AN OLD ROSE.

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As I wandered, lightly musing,
Where the richest roses bide,
Culling this, or that refusing,
Casting many a bloom aside,
In my way a wilted flower
Stimpered still, and kept her ground;
Loth to lose her olden power,
Loth to leave the belles around.

Fair, though wrinkled; sweet, though faded;
Not a leaf had left its core:
Must she then by all unheeded,
Through all time be known no more?
Is there any life for beauty
After beauty's dreary close?
Death is sure the only duty
Of a poor old Rose.

Still the Rose, her doom refusing,
Smiling hides her blight and pain;
While each little wind at choosing,
Bares the unseemly spots again.
Yield thy spicy leaves, dear beauty,
Ere their scent to poison grows;
Spreading sweets is still the duty
Of a poor old Rose.

Die, old Rose, and live forever—
Soul of scent that cannot die:
Live in every lover's favor,
Every poet's minstrelsy:
Scatter thou, and I will gather,
Standing fast, through winter's snows,
In a dream of summer weather,
From a poor old Rose.

F. S. S.

Pictures of Life.

MARY GORING.

BY HESTER HALLIWELL.

CHAPTER I.

So that warning chill had worked itself out at last, and the tribulation had come. Was it my fault? *Was* it my fault? I shall ask myself the question to the latest hour of my life. Perhaps, when they invited her to spend some time in their luxurious house, I ought to have remembered the chill, and that it was the first time I saw *them* together when it had stolen over me, and therefore have refused my consent. But they pressed earnestly for her, saying what a comfort she would be to their unfortunate daughter, and I was laughed *at* for hinting at any objection to it.—Lucy laughed at me; Miss Graves laughed at me; Frances Goring, though she was but a child, laughed at me; and when they inquired my grounds, I had none to give, for not even to myself did I, nor could I, define them. "They live in style, they keep gay company, it will be giving Mary ideas beyond her sphere of life," were all the arguments I could urge; none difficult to overrule. So Mary went for a few days at Easter, which would have been nothing, for she came home, I do believe, perfectly heart-whole; but she went again at Midsummer, to accompany Lady Elliot and Clara to the sea-side, and then the mischief was done. What else could have been expected, thrown, as she was, into the fascinating society of William Elliot?

But who was to know that he would make one of the party? Nobody. In the first week of Lady Elliot's arrival at Spa (as good a name as any other for their marine residence, it not being convenient to give the right one,) she was surprised at being followed thither by her son. He was come for some sea-bathing, he said, and forthwith engaged apartments at an hotel. Nine weeks her ladyship remained—nine weeks! and the whole of that time were he and Mary perpetually together. Sir Thomas Elliot wrote once, a curt, decisive letter of three lines, demanding how much more time he meant to waste, and Mr. William wrote back that he was studying where he was, just as hard as he could in his chambers. So he was; studying the sweet face and pure mind of Mary Goring.

"I guessed how it was," Miss Graves said afterwards to me. "There were climbings up the cliffs, and ramblings on the beach after sea-shells; and readings in the afternoon; and moonlight lingerings in the garden in the evening; Mr. William could not quite deceive me. I was left to take care of Clara Elliot, while he talked sentiment with Miss Goring."

"Strolling on the beach together, and talking sentiment by moonlight?" I uttered, in dismay. "And you could see all this going on, and never write to me?"

"It is the moonlight does it all," peevishly retorted Miss Graves; "sentimental strolls would come to nothing without it. The moon puts more nonsense into young heads than all the novels that ever were written. I'll give you an example. One night they were all out in the garden, Mr. William, Clara, and Miss Goring. A long, narrow strip of ground it was, at the back of the house, stretching down nearly to the sea. Tea came in, and Lady Elliot called from the window, but nobody answered, so I had to hunt them up. I tied my handkerchief over my head, for I had got a touch of the toothache, and away I went. An intensely hot night it was, with the moon as bright as silver, and I looked here, and I looked there, till I got to the end of the garden. On the bench there, fast asleep, with her head resting on the hard rock behind her, was Clara, and, standing close by, was William Elliot, with his arm round Mary, both of them gazing at the moon. Now, I ask you, Miss Halliwell, or any other impartial person, whether such a scene could have been presented to me in broad daylight? People are reserved enough then, and take care to stand at a respectful distance. The moon is alone to blame and I'll maintain it."

Dear me! she quite vexed me with her rubbish about the moon. As if, when she saw those two growing fond of each other, she could not have despatched a hint of it to me by the post!—What could Lady Elliot have been thinking of?" I inquired.

"Bless you! she saw nothing of it," returned Miss Graves. "Her idea was that William haunted us for the sake of taking care of Clara, and she was rarely out with us herself. She makes so much of Mr. William; she would never dream of his falling in love with anything less than a lord's daughter. But there's no harm done. When I was Mary Goring's age, I had lots of attachments, one after the other, and they never came to anything. A dozen at least."

It was so stupid, her comparing herself to Mary Goring! Not that I wish to disparage Miss Graves, who is a very estimable young woman, but she and Mary are differently constituted. Miss Graves is full of practical sobriety, without a grain of romance in her composition, all head; while Mary is made up of refined feeling and imaginative sentiment, all heart. The one *would* be likely to have a dozen "attachments," and forget them as soon as they were over; but the other, if she once loved, would retain the traces for all her future life. It was of no use, however, saying this to Miss Graves; she would not have understood me, and I was too vexed to argue. Beside, it would not undo what was done.

I saw it as soon as Mary came home. There was a change about the girl; a serene look of inward happiness; an absence of mind to what was going on around her, a giving way to dreamy listlessness of thought. And when, in the course of conversation, it came out that Mr. William Elliot had made one of the party at Spa, my surprised exclamation caused the damask flush in Mary's cheek to change into glowing, conscious crimson. It is true, Mary had, in one of her letters, mentioned Mr. William's name, but I never supposed he was there for more than a day or so; run down to see his mother and sister, by, perhaps, an excursion train. So that suspicious crimson convinced me at once. I wished it anywhere but in Mary's face; and when Miss Graves came to our house, a few days subsequently to spend an evening with us, I spoke to her about it, and hence the above conversation.

"You need not annoy yourself over it," persisted Miss Graves, who was anxious to excuse herself. "If they did fall in love with each other—which I dare say they did, and I won't tell any story about it—they will soon forget it, now they don't meet. If you keep her out of sight when Mr. William calls here, he'll soon cease coming, and the affair will die a natural death."

"Of course, Mary will not be permitted to see him," I warmly rejoined; "but as to the affair dying out, that is another thing."

The crosses one's good resolutions meet with! the *ruses* young people are up to, unsuspected by old ones! Would anybody believe that at that very time, that same identical hour, when I and Miss Graves were in the drawing-room, laying down so cleverly our plans for their separation, they were together in the dining parlor below us? Upon my going into that apartment some time afterwards, who should be standing there, at the open window, but Mr. William Elliot and Mary Goring! Enjoying each other's society in the dangerous twilight hour of that summer's night; in the sweet scent of the closing flowers; in the calm rays of the early stars—all dangerous together for two young hearts. The saying of "knocking one down with a feather" could not precisely apply to me, for you might have knocked me down with half a one.

"Well, I'm sure!" I exclaimed, in my astonishment, not quite so courteously, I fear, as politeness to a guest demands. "I did not know you were here, sir! Have you been here long?"

"Not long," replied Mr. William Elliot, advancing to shake hands with me.

Not long! It came into my mind as he spoke, that I had heard a bustle, as of some one being shown in a full hour before.

I had not seen him for three months, and his good looks, his winning manners, struck upon me more forcibly than ever. Not so pleasantly as they used to do, for the annoying reflection suggested itself—If they won over to them my old heart, what must they have done by Mary's? I took my resolution; it was to speak openly to him, and I sent Mary up-stairs to Lucy and Miss Graves.

"Mr. Elliot," I began, in my heat, "is this well done?"

He looked fearlessly at me, with his truthful eye and countenance. There was no guile there.

"In what well done?" he rejoined.

"I am deeply grieved at having suffered my niece to accompany your mother to the seaside. I did not know you were to be of the party, or she should certainly not have gone."

"Why not, Miss Halliwell?"

"Why not? I hear of ramblings on the sand and moonlight interviews in the garden—you, with Mary Goring. Was this well done, sir?"

"It was not ill done," was his reply.

"Mr. Elliot," I continued, "I am a plain-speaking old body, but I have had some experience in life, and I find that plain-speaking answers best in the end. You must be aware that such conduct as you have pursued cannot well fail to gain the affections of an inexperienced girl; and my belief is, that you have been wilfully setting yourself out to win those of Miss Goring."

"I will not deny it; I have tried to win them. Because, dear Miss Halliwell," he added, advancing to me, and speaking with emotion, "because she first gained mine. I love Miss Goring, truly, fervently, with a love that will end but with my life. From the first day I saw her here, when poor Clara said she had found a new sister—you may remember it—she never ceased to haunt me: her face and its sweet expression, her manners, her gentle voice, were in my mind continually, and I knew they could only belong to a good, pure, and refined nature. It did not take long companionship, when we were thrown together, to perfect that love; and, that done, I did not myself out, as you observe, to win hers, in exchange. I trust I have succeeded."

If I had raced up to the top of the Monument (where I have never yet ventured,) the run could not more effectually have taken away my breath and my senses than did this bold avowal, which to my ears sounded as much like rhapsody as reason.

"And what, in the name of wonder, do you promise yourself by all this, sir?" I asked, when my amazement could find speech. "What end?"

"There is but one end that an avowal, such as mine, could have in view, Miss Halliwell. The end, the hope, that Miss Goring will become my wife."

"Well, you will excuse me, Mr. Elliot," I said, after a long stare at him, "but I fear you must be crazed."

He burst out laughing.

"Why do you fear that?"

"There is no more probability of your marrying Mary Goring than there is of your marrying that chair, sir. So the best thing you can do, is to get her out of your head as speedily as you can."

He did not speak for some moments, and I saw the color mount to his brow.

"What is your objection to me, Miss Halliwell?"

"I suppose you are playing on my simplicity, sir, to ask what my objection is," I replied. "It is your family that the objection will come from, not mine. The son of the great Sir Thomas Elliot will never be suffered to wed simple Mary Goring."

"Miss Goring is of gentle blood," he remonstrated.

"I trust she is," I said, drawing myself up, "though we, the sisters of her mother, are obliged to keep a school for our living. But your friends will look at position, as well as gentle blood. May I ask, sir, if Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot know of this?"

"Not yet."

"As I thought, Mr. Elliot. Your romance with my niece must end this night."

"It will not, indeed, Miss Halliwell."

"Sir, it *shall*. And I must observe that you have acted a cruel part. A young lady's affections are not to be played with like a football. However, you have seen her for the last time."

"Allow me to see her once more," he rejoined.

"Not if I know it, sir."

"For an instant only, in your presence," he earnestly pleaded. "Surely that can do no harm if we are to part."

Something came into my brain, just then, about George Archer—a vision of my last interview with him in Lord Seaford's park.

"Why should I deny these two a final adieu?" I asked myself. So I relented, and called Mary down—and was exceedingly sorry for my pains.

She shrank to my side when she came in, but William Elliot drew her from me.

"I have been avowing to your aunt how matters stand," he said. "She would persuade me to relinquish you; she thinks such love as ours can be thrown off at will. So I requested your presence here, Mary, that we might assure her our engagement is of a different nature; that we are bound to each other by ties irrevocable in the spirit, as they hereafter shall be made in reality."

So that was all I got by calling Mary. She had paled, and blushed, and faltered, and now she began to cry and shake. Mr. William leaned over her with reassuring words of the deepest tenderness. I saw nothing but perplexity before them, and not one wink of sleep did I get that blessed night.

CHAPTER II.

One day the renowned physician, Sir Thomas Elliot, was not himself. In lieu of the stately imperturbability which characterized the distinguished west-end practitioner, his manners betrayed a nervousness, an absence of mind, never before witnessed. To one lady patient, who consulted him for dyspepsia, he ordered cod-liver oil and port wine; to another, who was deep in consumption, he prescribed leeches, and to live upon barley-water. He had a large influx of patients that day, and an unusual number of calls to make from home. Not until a few minutes before the dinner-hour did he find his time his own.

He went straight to his wife's room, and sat down on a low ottoman which stood in its midst. Lady Elliot glanced round at him, somewhat surprised, for it was not often her liege knight, favored her with his presence there in the day. She continued dressing without comment. Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot rarely wasted superfluous words, one upon the other.

"Can't you finish for yourself, and send her away?" cried Sir Thomas, indicating the attendant by a slight movement of the head.

More surprised still, but not curious (for Lady Elliot, young and handsome as she was yet, really gave one the idea of possessing no interest in what pertained to this present life—or in the one to follow it, for the matter of that,) she dismissed the maid, but did not withdraw herself or her eyes from the glass, as she continued her toilette.

"I did not think, Louisa, you could have been such a fool," was the complimentary opening of Sir Thomas Elliot, in a low tone of intense indignation.

Lady Elliot looked at him—as well she might—and a flush rose to her face. She paused, however, before she spoke, coldly and resentfully.

"I proved myself that, years ago."

Sir Thomas knew well to what she alluded; to her own hasty and unsanctioned union with himself; and a peevish "tush" broke from his lips.

"You have proved yourself a greater one now, Louisa, and you must pardon my plainness in saying so. If you and I rushed into a headlong marriage, it ought to have been the more reason for your not leading William into one."

"William!" echoed Lady Elliot, in a startled voice. It was, perhaps, the only subject that could arouse her. She idolized her son.

"You have got into this habit of taking your own course, without consulting or referring to me; going here, going there, doing this, doing that," proceeded Sir Thomas. "When you went to Spa for an eternal number of weeks, had you informed me that it was your intention to have William and Miss Goring there also, and make them companions to each other, I should have put a stop to it. Any one but you might have seen the result."

"Result?" faltered Lady Elliot, with a sickening foreshadowing of what was coming.

"Of course," angrily repeated Sir Thomas. "When a young fellow, like William, is thrown into the society of a girl, lovely and fascinating as—as—the deuce"—Sir Thomas, at the moment could not think of any more appropriate simile—"only one result can be looked for. And it has turned up in his case."

"You mean—"

"That he is over head and ears in love with her; and he has been to me this morning to ask my sanction to their marriage. I wish you joy of your daughter-in-law, Lady Elliot."

Lady Elliot scarcely suppressed a scream.

"It is impossible—it is impossible;" she reiterated in agitation. "I never thought of this."

"Then you must have lived at Spa with your eyes shut. But I can hardly believe you. To think that you and Eliza Graves could be moping and meandering all those weeks, and not see what was going on under your very noses? Women are the greatest—"

What, Sir Thomas did not say, for he dropped his voice before bringing the sentence to a conclusion.

"I thought William was at Spa an unaccountable time, and wrote him word so," he continued, "but I never imagined you had got that Miss Goring there."

"You must have known it," returned Lady Elliot.

"How should I? I saw she was staying here the day or two before you went, but I thought—if I thought at all about it—that as a matter of course she returned home. I say you are always acting for yourself, Lady Elliot, without reference to my feelings—if I have got any, which perhaps you don't believe. When, the morning fixed for your departure, I was summoned in haste out of town, you might have delayed it till the following day. Most wives would. But no, not you! I came back at night and found you gone. How was I to know that you took Miss Goring?"

"It is too preposterous ever really to come to anything," observed Lady Elliot, eager to find comfort in the opinion. "William, with his personal beauty, his talents, and his prospects, might marry into a duke's family if he chose."

"Exactly. But he chooses to marry into that of a schoolmistress."

"He must not 'choose,'" persisted Lady Elliot, growing excited; "he must be brought to reason."

"Brought to what?" asked the knight.

"Reason."

"I don't know," was the significant reply. "'Reason' did not avail in a similar case with you or with me. William may prove a chip of the old block."

"It never can be permitted," said Lady Elliot, vehemently. "Marry Mary Goring! It would be disgracing him for life. William would never be so ungrateful."

"Leaving your ladyship the agreeable reflection that you were the chief bringer about of the disgrace, looking at the affair dispassionately, I do not see how it is to be prevented. William possesses money, independent of us. Enough to live upon."

"Enough to starve upon!" scornfully interrupted Lady Elliot.

"Twice, nearly thrice, as much as we enjoyed for many years of our early life," rejoined Sir Thomas, in a subdued voice. "And to themselves, who are just now spoony with fantastic visions, 'love in a cottage' may wear the appearance of love in a paradise."

"Can nothing be done—can *nothing* stop it?" reiterated Lady Elliot.

"One thing may. I should have put it in force this morning, but that I certainly thought you must have been a party to the scheme, after what William let out of the goings-on at Spa."

"And that thing?" she eagerly asked.

"To forbid it on pain of my curse. As I believe our parents very nearly did by us. I do not think William would brave it."

Lady Elliot pressed her hand over her eyes, as if she would shut out recollection of the years which had followed her rebellious marriage. The retrospect was one of dire anguish; far worse, in all probability, than had been the reality. Her husband turned to leave the room. She sprang after him, and drew him back.

"Oh, Thomas! anything but that. Never curse our boy, whatever betide. Think of the misery our disobedience entailed on us. Do not force *him* into it."

"Then you will let him marry the girl?"

"Yes. If the only alternative must be our fate over again for him."

"He comes to-night for the answer," continued Sir Thomas, standing with the door in his hand. "What is it to be? Consent? I leave the decision to you; for I will not, in this matter, subject myself to after reproaches."

"Consent," she replied. But Lady Elliot wrung her hands in anger as she said it. She had anticipated so much more brilliant an alliance for her son.

CHAPTER III.

So sunshine came into our dwelling, for William Elliot hastened down, and laid his proposals before us for Mary. I could not believe my own ears. He frankly stated that Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot were not *cordially* inclined to the match, for they had looked to his choosing rank and wealth; but they had not withheld their consent, and, he was certain, Mary would soon win her way to their entire love. Perhaps this was as much as Mary could have hoped for, indeed more; for in point of worldly greatness, William Elliot *was* above her. I suggested that they should not marry until the "entire love" of Sir Thomas Elliot and his wife had been obtained, but Mr. William laughed at me, and of course Mary thought with him. They were both in a maze of enchantment, and common sense was put out of the question.

For a few weeks our house was the pleasantest of the pleasant. Preparations were set on foot for the approaching union. Mary's things were bought, and Mr. William took a pretty abode in the Regent's Park. He did adopt my advice in one particular, and that was, to begin life in a small way; more in accordance with his own than his father's income. A good fortune must come to him at the demise of Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot, but they might live many years. So he agreed to set off in a very moderate style—for him—though *I* thought it a sufficiently sumptuous one. One man and two maid-servants—no carriage, only Mr. William's horse, which he said he *could* not give up. Ah! what delightful discussions we had on those warm evenings, not one of which did Mr. William ever fail to spend with us. He had discovered that dining in the middle of the day was good for his constitution, and never felt well, he protested, without an early tea, which he could not get at home, so begged leave to join ours. It was quite an every-day thing, now, for us to take it in the drawing-room. I don't know whether Mary saw through his depth, about his constitution and his early teas, but I did, and was pleased, and a merry party we used to make. Sometimes he would get me to give Mary a lesson in housekeeping, and set himself to listen with a serious face, while all the time those handsome eyes of his would be dancing with merriment. "About legs of mutton and apple-tarts," he would say, which would send Francis Goring off in fits of laughter, almost as bad as poor Clara Elliot's. I would sometimes give them an opportunity of being alone together—for I remembered my own early days, and the rapture that was mine when I had a solitary moment with George Archer. I limited their interviews to three minutes; at the last tick of the third, in I would pop to the drawing-room again, which speed, I believe, rather exasperated Mr. William. One evening, as soon as tea was over, he asked me to let Mary go out walking with him, but I declined, and offered myself instead; and he never asked again. Not, I hope, that any one will suppose I thought ill of William Elliot. A more honorable young man never breathed; and I could have trusted Mary with him anywhere; but my dear mother brought me up to observe these punctilious manners, and I cannot get out of them. But they did not want for opportunities of being alone together. Mary was occasionally invited with Clara to spend the day at Lady Elliot's—who, I may mention, was growing less cool to her with every visit, more like she had used to be before she knew of her son's preference. The carriage would bring them home at night, escorted by Mr. William, and a nice time those two must have had of it, for Clara was sure to go to sleep the moment they got in, and never wake till they got out. Plenty of opportunity, then, for talking secrets; but it jarred against my old-fashioned notions, and I hinted as much to Mr. William. How he laughed! and I laughed, too, when he told me I was a good old dragon of a guardian. Then, changing to seriousness, he took my hand in his, and whispered me with that sweet, earnest expression on his face, that I could not protect Mary more faithfully than he would, for that she was dearer to him than ever she was to me.

An end came to it—alas! alas! as I think it mostly does come to all things that are joyous and bright in life. And then I asked myself how I could ever have been deluded into the belief that the son of Sir Thomas and Lady Elliot would really espouse Mary Goring.

CHAPTER IV.

A telegraphic summons came early one morning to the popular physician, Sir Thomas Elliot. He was wanted, in all haste, at Middlebury, a town a few hours' journey from London by rail. Sir Thomas hastened to the Paddington station, caught the express train, and was with his patient, a lady, in the afternoon. Her medical attendant was a Mr. Ashe; Dr. Ashe, as he was often styled in Middlebury; and a Mr. Warburton had also been called in. When in conversation, the discourse of the medical men led to matters foreign to their patient—no very rare occurrence in medical consultations.

"I should like to know what her previous constitution has been," remarked Sir Thomas to Dr. Ashe, speaking in reference to the patient. "I presume you have been her regular medical attendant."

"No, I have not," replied Dr. Ashe; "this is the first time I have attended her. Dr. Goring used to be the family attendant. But she must have enjoyed pretty good health, for he has been dead—let me see—more than two years, and no one has been called in to her since."

Dr. Goring! Sir Thomas Elliot pricked up his ears, and a flash of intelligence darted into his mind. She, who was soon to be his son's wife, was a native of Middlebury, and the daughter of a medical man. This Dr. Goring, then, must have been her father. He would ask a few particulars.

"What sort of a man was Dr. Goring?" he suddenly said. "Respectable? Popular?"

"Very much so," was the reply of Dr. Ashe.

"Until that nasty business occurred about his wife," broke in Mr. Warburton. "He lost both respect and popularity then."

"What business was that?" inquired Sir Thomas.

"She was recovering from an illness—one of the nicest little women you ever saw—in fact, all but well," observed Dr. Ashe. "I had seen her in the morning—for I attended her with all her children—and told her the next day she might move into the drawing-room. That was about eleven o'clock. By five in the afternoon she was dead."

"What from?" inquired the physician.

"Poison, Sir Thomas."

"Poison!" echoed Sir Thomas Elliot.

"Strychnia. Not a common poison then."

"By whom administered?"

"There was the question," said Dr. Ashe. "It has never been cleared up, from that day to this. With some people, poor Goring got the credit of it; but I believe the man to have been as innocent as I was."

Sir Thomas Elliot rose from his chair in a perturbed manner. His son about to marry the daughter of a man suspected of——! He sat down again.

"The case was published in the Lancet," resumed Dr. Ashe. "Of course without casting any conjectures as to the administerer."

"I remember now—I remember reading it," cried Sir Thomas. "But it never struck me that —— What were the grounds for suspecting the husband?"

"In my opinion, I say, there were no grounds," repeated Dr. Ashe. "I never saw a more affectionate husband than Goring was; and he had nothing to gain by her death. Everything to lose."

"The insurance money," suggested Mr. Warburton.

"Nonsense! I know a few cast that in his teeth very unjustly, if they had only considered the facts. Mrs. Goring had a clear income of £300 a year, an annuity, which died with her. Did not go to her husband or children, understand, Sir Thomas; absolutely died with her. She had insured her own life, some years before, for two thousand pounds—or three, I forget, now—for the benefit of her children. But what is two or three thousand pounds in comparison with three hundred a year? And Goring did not touch the money; he invested it for the children. He was a maligned man."

"Was he accused of the crime?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Oh no, no; nothing of that. At his wife's interment—I never saw such a crowd in the churchyard before—some voices hissed him, 'Murderer!' 'Poisoner!'—that was the extent. But if ever grief was genuine in this world, it was Goring's for the loss of his wife. They were on the wrong scent," muttered Dr. Ashe, in a lower tone.

"Dr. Goring, unfortunately, did not show out clear upon another point," interrupted Mr. Warburton. "There was a governess resided with them, a Miss Howard, and he was too attentive to her; but Goring was a free man at all times in his manners with women. Some said it was her fault; that she laid herself out to attract him; and, altogether, the affair had given pain and annoyance to Mrs. Goring. So Miss Howard received warning to leave, and the little Gorings were to be sent to school. Before the change was made, Mrs. Goring was poisoned."

"Was this governess suspected?" inquired Sir Thomas Elliot.

"I don't know what other people may have done," interposed Dr. Ashe, warmly, "I had my opinion upon the point, and always shall have. But it does not do to speak out one's opinion too freely. There was no proof."

"Where was the strychnia procured?"

"From Goring's own surgery. At least, such was the conclusion drawn, for he kept some there. Though whether the bottle had been touched or not, he could not himself tell. Mrs. Goring had dined, and was asleep on her bed, the nurse having gone to her dinner. During her absence the poison was introduced into a glass of water, which, as was customary, stood at the bedside, and Mrs. Goring, when she awoke, drank it. Goring was in the garden the whole of this time, never came into the house at all, as the servants equally testified, until aroused by the screams in Mrs. Goring's room. Miss Howard was in the dining-room, which adjoined the surgery, and the servants equally testified that if she had quitted it to go up-stairs, they must have heard her. So the case was wrapped in mystery, and remains so."

"The worst feature was, Dr. Goring's marrying the woman afterwards," observed Mr. Warburton.

"Marrying *her*! the governess?" exclaimed Sir Thomas Elliot.

"He did. She was dismissed from the house on Mrs. Goring's death; but, twelve months afterward, Miss Howard became Mrs. Goring."

"Why, the man must have been mad!" muttered Sir Thomas.

"He was wrong there," said Dr. Ashe. "I told him so. But what I said went for nothing, for he was bent upon it. His death was a mystery also; I never could fathom it. He married this girl, Sir Thomas, went off with her for a fortnight, and came back so changed, that we hardly knew him. He started on the journey a gay, healthy man; he returned wasted in frame, broken in spirits, and in two months was laid in his first wife's grave. There was no particular complaint, but he wasted away to death; literally pined away, it seemed."

"And pined in silence," added Mr. Warburton; "for he never would acknowledge himself ill."

"I see, gentlemen," returned Sir Thomas, "it was a bad affair altogether, from beginning to end; one not too well calculated to bear the light of day."

"At any rate, the light of day has never been thrown upon it," answered Dr. Ashe.

"And the daughter of such a man shall never become William's wife," mentally concluded Sir Thomas Elliot. "But, to go back to the next room, gentlemen, he added; "my opinion ——"

But we need not follow their consultation for their patient. It came to an end, and Sir Thomas Elliot went steaming up to town again by the first train. It happened to be a slow train, stopping at every station, which drove the physician into a fever nearly as great as that of the poor lady he had been to visit, he was so intensely eager to meet his wife. A compliment he had not paid her of recent years.

Lady Elliot seized with avidity upon the information. It was a pretext for *demanding* of William to break off the match. "Of course," she said, "he will not think of entering upon the connection now."

CHAPTER V.

A presentiment struck me that something was wrong when Ann came into the school-room, and said Sir Thomas Elliot wanted me. These presentiments do come across us sometimes, without our knowing why or wherefore. Did they ever fail of being borne out? never, with me. Surely there was nothing unusual, nothing to create surprise or uneasiness, in Sir Thomas Elliot's paying us a morning visit, connected as our families were about to be; yet before I got to the drawing-room door, all that was to take place seemed to flash upon me. Sir Thomas turned round at my entrance, and prefixed what he had to say, by stating that he had been called to Middlebury, the previous day, on professional business.

"I am aware of it, sir," I said. "Mr. William took tea with us last evening, and mentioned that you were gone there."

"How did he know?" growled Sir Thomas, under his breath. "Called in and heard it from his mother, I suppose. Well, madam, to be brief—for I have patients waiting now for me at home, and I knew not how to spare time for coming here—I am concerned to tell you that I received an account of the late Dr. Goring, ('Doctor,' as I hear him universally called, though I find he was only a general practitioner,) which has considerably surprised me."

"In what way, sir?" I asked, with calmness; though, indeed, my heart was fluttering sadly.

"Why, madam, can you be so ignorant, that—you must pardon my speaking plainly; I only repeat the statement as it was given to me—that Dr. Goring was suspected of having poisoned his wife."

"Oh, sir!" I interrupted, "do not speak so

injuriously of the dead. Dr. Goring was an honorable man, of a kind, good nature, a gentleman, and a scholar, one not capable of so dreadful a crime. I am cognisant of all the particulars, and I assert that whoever accused Dr. Goring of killing her, was guilty of a wicked calumny."

"But he *was* suspected," urged Sir Thomas.

"Not by those who knew him, who knew the circumstances."

"There was some one else mixed up in the affair; a governess?"

"Unhappily there was," I answered. "Say, rather, the author of it all, Sir Thomas," I added with emphasis. "But I whisper this only to you."

"Who afterwards became Dr. Goring's wife?" continued Sir Thomas, looking steadfastly at me.

"I am ashamed to say she did."

"Well, madam, this is just what I have heard. We will not differ about minor details, the facts are the same. Under the circumstances, you cannot be surprised that I have this morning forbidden my son to think more of Miss Goring."

"Oh, Sir Thomas Elliot!" I exclaimed. "It will be a cruel thing!"

"I hope not. I do not wish to hurt the young lady's feelings more than is unavoidable, and I cast no reproach upon *her*. I believe her to be, personally, most estimable. Still, I must have due considerations for my son's honor and for that of his family, and a young lady liable to be pointed at as—as—in short, as the daughter of Dr. Goring of Middlebury, cannot be eligible to become William Elliot's wife."

I think he said more; but I was too grieved, too stunned, I may say, to remember what it was. I only know he peremptorily broke off the negotiation for an alliance with Mary Goring. I watched him get into his carriage, from the window, and I don't know that my heart had ever failed so painfully in my life. *How* was I to break it to Mary?

I did not know, though I pondered over it all that livelong day. When evening comes, and she finds it does not bring him, I repeated to myself, how can I ever say to her, "*Not only* this evening is he absent, but for all others?" It will break her heart. Lucy wondered why I absented myself from the school-room, and I could not muster courage to tell her. So the evening came, and I had said nothing, but it brought Mr. William Elliot. I called out to the servants to show him into the dining-room, not to let him come up-stairs, and then ran down myself. "Oh, Mr. William!" I uttered—and for the life of me I could not help bursting into tears—"what is to be done?"

He took my hands kind as ever, but his own were unsteady, and his face wore an unnatural paleness.

"What does Mary say? How does she bear it?" were his first words.

"I have not dared to tell her. I did not know how."

"That is well. She had better hear it from me."

"From you? Oh, no, Mr. Elliot."

"Believe me, yes," he firmly rejoined. "None can soothe it to her in the telling as I can.

"It is the first shock that will be the worst, and I dread it for her."

He turned from me, put his arm on the window-frame, and leaned his forehead upon it. I did not like to witness his emotion; his whole attitude spoke despair.

"Let me see her," he resumed.

I reflected, and believed it might be best. For what was I, what were all to her, in comparison with William Elliot?

"One promise, Mr. Elliot," I said. "You are not going to talk to her of a continued engagement, or—a—private marriage? Excuse me, but I have heard of such things being done."

"No; I give you my honor. I have already given it to my mother. This evening is to close my intercourse with Mary, and the interview I ask for, is, that we may bid each other farewell. I have no alternative. None. My mother"—he paused, and a sort of shudder seemed to come over him—"my mother pointed out—that is—I would say she exacted a promise from me that I would never marry clandestinely; without her full consent. And I gave it."

"Quite right. You could not have done otherwise."

"And now that they have taken this prejudice against Mary's family, to ask for consent would be fruitless. So there is no hope, and I cannot help myself. But they had better"—he lowered his voice to a whisper—"have destroyed us both, as her mother was destroyed. It would have been more merciful."

I went up-stairs to the drawing-room, and beckoned Mary out. "Oh, aunt!" she said, "what is all this? *Is anything the matter?*"

"Yes, dear child, there is," I answered, fondly stroking down her hair, while the ready tears gathered in my eyes. "I have known it all day, and I could not tell you. William Elliot will: he is in the dining-room. Now do not agitate yourself."

"But what is it? Are we"—she trembled excessively—"is he——"

"Go to him, my darling. He will soothe it to you better than I can." So she went into the room, and Mr. Elliot moved forward, and closed the door behind them, while I paced about in the hall, outside, like a troubled ghost.

It was quite dusk when he came out to leave, but the hall lamp was lighted, and I saw the traces of deep emotion, of tears on both faces. Yes, on both; and you need not despise William Elliot for that. We don't, many of us, throughout our lives, go through such a trying interview as that had been to him.

"God bless you, dear Miss Halliwell," he said, "and thank you for the many courtesies, the kindness, you have shown me. And God bless you, Mary," he added, in a whisper, "and remember what I have said. Though they have succeeded in separating us, though your path must lie one way and mine another, and we may not meet again, you will ever be first in the heart of William Elliot."

The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children! Was it ever exemplified, in any case, more plainly than in *this*? When my random, thoughtless brother-in-law, Matthew Goring, made love to his daughter's governess, or encouraged her to make it to him—whichever it might be—outraged his wife, outraged his children, outraged me (I, who pointed out his wicked folly to him, and got ridicule from him for my pains,) did he imagine that very folly would be the means, hereafter, of destroying his dearest child's happiness and prospects in life? No. Yet it proved so. Oh, men! you who have wives and children, how careful should you be to tread in the right path! A little dereliction from it may seem to you but a light matter, not worth a thought, only worth the amusement of the moment: it seemed so to Dr. Goring. Yet, for him, what did it bring forth? His wife's destruction; his disgraceful second marriage; his own early death; the breaking up of his children's home, and the driving them out, orphans, into the world. And now the fatality was pursuing even them! Lightly enough does man commit sin, but when on the point of wilfully falling into it, he would do well to pause, and remember that the promises of God are never broken, and that one of those promises is, "I WILL VISIT THE SINS OF THE FATHERS UPON THE CHILDREN."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1856.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We are not able to inform our Florida correspondent as to the ceremonies observed in presentations to the Queen of England—nor what is the prescribed dress on such occasions. The only thing we know is, that it is little short of high treason to wear a yellow waistcoat.

THE COMING YEAR.

By the time the present number of the Post reaches our readers, the great question of the day, "Who is to be President?" will probably be decided. One thing for certain will have happened—the people will have expressed their preferences, and if a decision is not made by them, the subject will be transferred to their Representatives in Congress.

For nearly a year past, this question of "who shall be President," and the political discussions connected therewith, have excited and almost convulsed the country—drawing into politics, as into a great whirlpool, the thoughts and feelings of all classes of men. But everything has its natural limits—and, if we are not mistaken, the reading world will now begin to long for a change from the everlasting themes of the political controversy.

In view of this desire, we have made arrangements—as our readers will see by our Prospectus—for a choice supply of mental food from the fresh and pleasant fields of Original Literature. Here both the triumphant and defeated parties may find repose and recreation—tabooing all discussions for a while, and simply contenting themselves, by a weekly inspection of the news, with keeping posted as to the progress of political affairs.

In view of the good things we have provided for our readers in the way of original contributions—and of the selected and more solid miscellaneous, news and business matter that we shall continue to furnish—we trust that those who feel an interest in getting up clubs for the Post—either for their own sake or for ours—will begin early in the matter. Let them remember that it is "the early bird that catches the worm," and that the neighbor whose name they could get *now* to their club, may have allowed himself to be put down for another paper a week or two hence. *Let our friends begin early, and they will have a clear field, and less difficulty in getting up large clubs, than they will find later in raising small ones.*

HOW THE WORLD IS GOVERNED.

The Russian Empire must be a puzzle and paradox to many of our one-sided politicians and statesmen. There is a population of about 60,000,000. This sixty millions is composed of 112 different peoples, divided into 12 different races—the most numerous of which is the Sclavonian race, which includes the Russians properly so-called, the Poles, the Cossacks, &c. Among these 112 different peoples, these twelve different races, dwelling over an immense tract of country stretching from the middle of Europe to the extreme east of Asia—thinly settled, and divided often from each other by dreary wastes—all is unity and harmony, except in the single case of the Poles, and they seem to be becoming rapidly reconciled to their lot. No discordant feeling is believed to prevail—but all are devoted to the existing form of government, to the Czar, and to United Russia.

And yet the governing class among this sixty millions, is one Czar, and 155,000 hereditary nobility! Where these lead, 545,000 priests, and over fifty-nine millions of people, including merchants, tradesmen, artisans, peasants and serfs unhesitatingly follow. Nicholas begins a war,—and stirs up the passions of the masses to a high pitch of religious and political fanaticism. His successor makes peace, and calms down the excited feelings of the people as easily as Nicholas had aroused them. And it is the masses especially which are enthusiastic and fanatical in their loyalty—tearing the very robes and ribbons off the heralds who recently made proclamation of the coronation of Alexander; not in hate or passion, but merely in a good-humored though intensely fervent desire to possess themselves of some memento of so transcendently important and auspicious an event! The Czar might imitate Louis Napoleon with perfect safety, and put it to vote whether he should be Czar, with the absolute powers of his ancestors. Why the man who would vote "no," would be torn to pieces by his "faithful" Russians. We should not be suprised if, at this moment, there were more Republicans at heart among the handful of the young nobility of Russia, than among all the rest of the population.

Ah, it is a queer world—and it widens the mind to take a look at it occasionally from some other point of view than that which has been prepared for us by the mere prejudices of birth and education. As a matter of physical power, it would seem a very easy thing for the sixty millions of Russia to throw off their ruling class of 150,000. One would naturally say, what are 150,000 men when pitted against 60,000,000? But, as a practical matter, we all know it would be one of the most difficult things in the world.

And why? Because the masses would be divided at once against themselves—and the contented used to put down the discontented. And further, because they really believe that things are better as they are—that they are more wisely governed by the nobility and the Czar than they would be by themselves. And who shall say, in view of the lamentable failures of that year of Revolutions, 1848, that they are not right?

We think that intelligent men in this country and in Europe never occupied so nearly the same political platform as at this moment. All calm, clear, common-sense thinkers—no matter how much they may love Aristocratic institutions on the one hand, or Democratic ones on the other—are beginning to grow less and less inclined to advocate either as an absolute rule. They are beginning to see that what is one nation's meat may be another's poison. That institutions are not positively good or bad, so much as relatively so. That only institutions which absolutely set themselves against material, intellectual and spiritual progress, can be set down as positively and essentially evil. That the institutions of a people must be proportioned to their intellectual and moral advancement—giving a larger and larger portion of self-government to the masses, as they become qualified to enjoy and make a good use of such liberty. And, on the other hand, withholding or withdrawing the privileges of self-government in proportion as the masses retrograde in intelligence and morality.

Thus, it does not follow that because republican institutions are the best for, and the positive right of, some nations, that an aristocracy and a Czar should not be the best for Russia—or a limited monarchy, and a modified and liberal aristocracy, for Great Britain. Only one thing necessarily follows, that as the masses of the Russian people increase in intelligence and virtue—if they do so increase—their institutions should also undergo a corresponding modification. This seems to be the rule in Great Britain of late; and in nothing has the strong common-sense of the English nobility shone out more conspicuously, than in yielding up the reins of government to the people, in proportion as the latter grow capable of safely and wisely holding them.

Thus, backwards to Aristocracy, or forwards to fuller and fuller Liberties, must the progress of every nation be, in proportion as it decreases or increases in Intelligence and Virtue. Liberty is a great power—both for good and for evil. If men or nations have not within their own minds a great controlling force leading them to do what is Just and Honest and Right, because it is their Duty—not always their pleasure—so to do—a controlling force must be established in the law and in the government. We see no help for it. It is the order of nature. The child is not to be trusted with edged tools, or with a loaded rifle—but as he increases in physical and mental stature, he is, not at once, but gradually and carefully, accustomed to their use—beginning at the least powerful tool, either of work or warfare, and going on to the most powerful. Now uneducated, untrained men, are merely as children; and the State puts her sharp tools, or the reins of power, into such hands, with perilous danger to herself, to them, to all. Is it not so? Are not such the lessons of all history—and especially of the last nine years, beginning with that year of Revolutions, 1848? For our own part, we would not put a rash hand even upon the institutions of "Holy Russia" herself—little sympathy as, in one sense, we have with them—because we believe they are not such as bar out all Progress, while they may admit the only description and degree of Progress which the Russians at present are capable of making.

RAILROADS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.—Those who contrast unfavorably the condition of the railroads in this country as compared with those in Great Britain, should remember that the fares are much higher per mile on the other side of the Atlantic. This is owing to the English roads having cost a great deal more money. Thus the cost of construction of 23,242 miles of railway in the United States is stated to have averaged about $34,000 a mile—while the average cost in Great Britain is put at about $172,800 a mile, or over *five* times as much. This difference of cost will explain clearly how it is that our roads are inferior—but probably our people would rather have the roads as they are, and the present rates of fare, than to have them as good as they are in England, at only double the expense of travel. Certainly if a road on the English plan of excellence and durability, were running in opposition to a road on the American plan—the former charging half as much more a mile for the transportation of merchandize and passengers—the latter, with all its inferior comfort and safety, would get nearly the whole of the freight and travel.

A EUROPEAN DUEL.—That the most trifling occurrences often give rise to duels, is well known. The following recent event is an exemplification of this fact. "Even such a trifle as a cigar led to the death of an Austrian officer, Lieut. Meissl, lately. A Prussian officer asked permission to light his cigar at that which he (M. Meissl) was smoking. The request was acceded to, but the Prussian returned the cigar so clumsily that he burnt M. Meissl's fingers. The Austrian officer muttered something about clumsiness, at which the other took offence and challenged him. The challenge was accepted; the parties, who were at Graefenberg, crossed the frontier into Silesia, and at the first shot Lieut. Meissl was mortally wounded in the lungs."

Just to think of two intelligent and sensible men putting their lives at hazard upon such a quarrel as the above. But perhaps we are too fast in terming them intelligent and sensible. The fair inference is that they were neither, and that if both had been shot, the world could have comforted itself with the thought that there were two quarrelsome fools the less in it.

PRETTY SHARP.—The police of New York recently arrested a number of model artists, during an exhibition, and marched them to the Mayor's office, without allowing them to assume any further apparel. The police, in extenuation of their heartless conduct, pleaded their "orders." The Mayor then reprimanded the girls and dismissed them—upon which a New York contemporary says:—

The "virtuous admonition" of Fernando Wood, addressed to a few persecuted and outraged girls—termed model artists—will be printed in letters of gold, and hung up in churches and schools alongside of the Ten Commandments, *illustrated with a cut of a dark-colored gentlemen, with horns and tail, in the act of quoting Scripture.*"

THE TELEGRAPH.—Professor Morse has recently proven by experiment the practicability of operating a continuous subterranean telegraphic line of 2,000 miles in length. As this is a length sufficient to cross the Atlantic from Newfoundland to Ireland, the only thing to be done now is to lay down the wire. The speed attained—210 to 270 signals per minute—is sufficient to insure compensation in a pecuniary point of view.

A WORD OF WARNING.—A California correspondent of the *Public Ledger*, of this city, utters the following word of warning—apparently from the depths of his heart. We know not how much consideration it is entitled to, but give it for what it is worth:—

ANGEL'S CAMP, Calaveras Co., Cal., Sept. 29, 1856.

Messrs. Editors:—Permit an old subscriber to your highly esteemed Journal to say a word in relation to California emigration. The arrival of every steamer brings hundreds to our shores, most of whom, if not all, come here with the expectation of improving their condition. A short time will suffice to undeceive them. If many that are here had got their information of California from a reliable source, and not from the false and exaggerated statements made in the California papers, which are coped extensively in the papers in the Atlantic States, they would not now be wandering about with hearts crushed and energies and ambition almost extinguished. It made my heart sad to witness recently a young man, of intelligence and energy, a native of the Quaker City, begging the means to sustain life.

By giving this a place in your columns, it may induce some aspiring youth, who is now building castles in the air, and contemplating with delight the gathering of the glittering dust, to remain at home, and avoid the perils and privations incident to life in California.

Yours, most respectfully, T. C. M.

A FEW nights since, at Antwerp, a child was stifled in its cradle by a cat coming into the room and lying on the child's face. The parents were asleep in the same room, but did not discover the unfortunate circumstance until the morning.

Doubtless from occurrences like the above, the old tradition relative to cats "sucking the breath" of infants arose. A cat loves, above all things, a warm, soft bed—and would be apt to select the face or breast of an infant, without intending any harm. The weight of a cat upon an infant's breast might suffocate it—and the mouth of the cat being seen near the mouth of the infant, would easily give rise among the ignorant to the superstition referred to.

MONUMENTS.—In accordance with the spirit of an article upon this subject in the last number of the Post, we perceive that a sensible testimonial to the great musical composer, Handel, is projected in Germany. It is to be an edition of the entire works of this master, so cheap as to be within reach of the poorest musical student—and is designed to commemorate the anniversary of 1859.

AN IMMENSE HOAX.—Thus we are inclined to term the sanguinary story from the *London Times*, of what transpired on a Georgia railroad, quoted in our news columns. But we wait to hear what the Georgia people and papers have to say upon the subject.

Color or shape, good limbs or face,
Goodness or wit in all I find;
In motion or in speech a grace;
If all fail, yet 'tis womankind.
If tall, the name of proper stays;
If fair, she's pleasant as the light;
If low, her prettiness doth please;
If black, what lover loves not night?
The fat with plenty fills my heart;
The lean with love makes me too so;
If straight, her body's Cupid's dart
To me; if crooked, 'tis his bow.
—*Cowley.*

☞ A lady in Oregon, in writing to a friend in this city, says that cattle in that region live to such a great age, their owners have to fasten long poles to the end of their horns, *for the wrinkles to run out on!*

☞ Dogs ought to be valuable to tanners, on account of the immense quantity of bark they yield.

☞ A tenant of Lord Frederick Campbell, being out hunting with him, plied him so thick with "My lord," and "Your lordship," that in order to get rid of him, Lord Frederick leaped over an immensely high gate, but the man followed him, and exclaimed, "Oh, lord! oh, lord! my lord, your lordship took a desperate leap!"

☞ Typographical errors are sometimes very amusing. We once read in an English paper, an account of a fashionable party, at which one of the most distinguished persons present was the "Duke of Pork." A city paper reports the "Court of Common Fleas," and a Southern paper contains an account of an "Atrocious Bobbery!"

☞ A sailor being asked how he liked his bride, is reported to have remarked: "Why, d'ye see, I took her for to be only half of me, as the parson says; but, dash me, if she isn't twice as much as I am. I'm only a Tar, and she's a Tar-tar."

☞ A friend of ours says that he has been without money so long that his head aches "ready to split" when he tries to recollect how a silver dollar looks. He says the notion that "we live in a world of *change*," is a great fallacy.

☞ It is stated that the wife of one of the most distinguished physicians of Paris wears a ring made of iron that was extracted from the blood taken from her husband during some disease with which he was afflicted.

☞ It was observed of a philosopher who was drowned in the Red Sea, "that his taste would be suited, for he was a man of deep thinking, and always liked to go to the bottom of anything."

☞ A novel attempt at suicide occurred lately in Albany. A man was seen to place a large stone in his hat, and deliberately walk into the Island Creek. Having arrived at the centre, the water being waist deep, he threw himself backward, and in falling, his hat and the stone went to the bottom. Finding that the weight he expected to keep him under water was lost, he regained his feet with considerable activity, and then walked out in the same deliberate manner he went in.

☞ A dancing master, in renewing his solicitations for patronage, wished to express his obligations for past favors, when the printer made him say, "Most respectfully offers his shanks."

☞ THE FORCE OF PUFFING.—*Jonesby.*—"I say, Brown, why don't you pitch into that fellow—Hooker—in your paper?" *Editor of the Star of Freedom.*—"Pitch into Hooker! Why should I pitch into Hooker? Confound him, he never did anything to oblige me!"

☞ The Albany Knickerbocker is responsible for the following receipt to kill flies. "Take a boarding-house pie, cut into thin slices, and lay it where the insects can have free access to it. In less than fifteen minutes the whole lot of them will be dead with cholic."

☞ A punster at the point of death being advised to eat a piece of a pullet, declined, saying he feared it might "*lay* on his stomach."

☞ A horse dealer had a son who, being a lad of spirit, proposed, as a novel experiment, to open a stable on strictly *honest dealing*; but the father, who was a prudent man, discouraged the idea, observing that "he disliked *speculation*."

☞ If I must make choice either of continual prosperity or continual adversity, I would choose the latter; for, in adversity, no good man can want comfort, whereas, in prosperity, most men want discretion.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1857.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4TH, 1821.

The publishers of this old and firmly established paper take pleasure in calling the attention of the public to their programme for the coming year. Surfeited with politics, the claims of Literature will be more than ever appreciated by the reading world. We have therefore already made arrangements with the following brilliant list of writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, MRS. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, the Author of "ZILLAH," &c.

We design commencing, in the first number in January next, the following Original Novelet:—

TALLENGETTA;

OR,

THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

By WILLIAM HOWITT, Author of "Rural Life in England," "Homes of the Poets," &c., &c.

This is a STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE, Mr. Howitt having visited Australia expressly with the object of acquainting himself with the novel and romantic aspects under which nature and society present themselves in that singular region.

The following Novelets will then be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post.

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the author of "My Confession," "Zillah; or, The Child Medium," &c.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELET,

(Name not yet received,) by MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELET,

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c., is also in course of preparation for the Post.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

☞ In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c., our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World.

ENGRAVINGS.—In the way of Engravings, we generally present two weekly—one of an instructive, and the other of a humorous character.

The Postage on the Post to any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly in advance, at the office where it is received, is only 26 cents a year.

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SAMPLE NUMBERS SENT GRATIS TO ANY ONE, WHEN REQUESTED.

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it, (the notices of new contributions and our terms,) for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

☞ A SOMERSETSHIRE PARISH.—A layman gives a deplorable account of wasted means in a Somersetshire parish. The pay is throughout in inverse ratio to the work done. The dean and chapter do nothing at all, and get £600; the layman farms the tithes and makes about £500; the vicar gets £120, and gives a title; the curate gets £30, and does all the work.—*English Paper.*

☞ The police of the town of Breslau, in Silesia, have been instructed to see to the tuning of the hand organs which are allowed to be played in the streets, and to take care that they do not offend by unpleasing discords; to prevent which they are subject now to a monthly inspection and trial by the authorised officers of the municipality.

☞ JEAN PAUL.—Jean Paul says that a lady officer, if she wanted to give the word "halt," would do it in this strain: "You soldiers, all of you, now mind, I order you, as soon as I have done speaking, to stand still every one of you on the spot where you happen to be; don't you hear me? Halt, I say, all of you."

☞ There are eighteen or twenty-five ways of dressing a cucumber—we forget how many; but when the most elaborate stage of preparation has been attained, the culinary canon laid down is, that you are to throw your cucumber away. We do not agree with it, however—for cucumber agrees capitally with us.

☞ The Irish harp is considerably smaller than the Italian; it has brass strings, and is brought, in playing, against the left shoulder, the tenor part being played with the left hand.

☞ Whether the vegetable locust or St. John's bread was the food of the Baptist or not cannot now be determined; but the living locust makes good meat, and when ground into flour, excellent bread.

☞ FRUITFULNESS OF FISH.—It is well known that the fruitfulness of fish is enormous. As many as a quarter of a million of eggs have been found in a carp, seven millions in a sturgeon, nine millions in a codfish. Of course, what is an egg today is not necessarily a fish to-morrow, or, as M. Jourdier reminds us, the ocean would not be able to hold the herrings.

☞ No woman was ever so much deceived by another as by herself.

☞ There is a morning coming when Episcopalianism, and Methodism, and Congregationalism shall be abolished, and all shall stand on the sea of glass, and worship Him that sitteth on the great white throne. I belong to the church of that morning. I like that saying of Whitfield's—"Father Abraham, have you got Episcopalians up there?" "No!" "Have you got Methodists up there?" "No!" "Have you got Independents?" "No! none but Christians, my son!" —*Dr. Tyng.*

☞ The stonemasons' constant strikes have led to the invention of a stone-cutting machine, which is capable of dressing twenty superficial feet of limestone per minute.—*English Paper.*

☞ Never cut a piece out of a newspaper until you have looked on the other side, where perhaps, you may find something more valuable than that which you first intended to appropriate.

☞ Luton states that animal and vegetable substances may be kept for a long period perfectly free from decomposition when immersed in glycerine. He also finds that it is a good antiseptic agent for injecting dead bodies.

☞ In all the Catholic cities, says the *Univers* (Paris), the statistical returns make it apparent that the number of Protestants is increasing "in a fearful manner." Dusseldorf, which was almost entirely Catholic, already reckons 7,000 Protestants; and there is a certain parish in Cologne which numbers only a few Catholics.

☞ Candor is to be admired, particularly in the conduct of a newspaper. As a beautiful instance of this characteristic, we copy the following from the Calaveras (California) Chronicle:—"As our political effusions have created much amusement and disgust in the community—we have determined hereafter to refrain from such vile perpetrations. Our readers are expected to give us credit for this self-sacrifice, and must not condemn us if we are *prosy*."

☞ However dreaded the serpent is, it has been the symbol of wisdom in all ages; but it is the wisdom of mystery. All mystery is serpentine. The serpent rod led Israel in crooked paths; and though it wounded, it cured. That old serpent is a masque. There is an instinctive love of the serpent accompanied with the fear of it. Ladies love serpent ornaments—they have serpent bracelets; and men wear serpent brooches and rings. The serpent is the emblem of both God and devil; and we are told to be wise as serpents. There is a revelation in all this. It is the the inspiration of ages. Don't condemn it, but muse upon it.

☞ What an absurd as well as barbarous act to cut off a dog's tail! you might just as well cut out his tongue. In fact, a dog talks far less with his tongue than he does with his tail. With his tail a dog expresses not only gratitude, as Fido did, but hope, entreaty, complaisance, affection, love, obedience, wrath, shame, defiance, fear, and frolic. It is clear, then, that in depriving a dog of his tail, you deprive him of an organ of speech. —*Blackwood.*

☞ The Hon. John Berry, a member of the Arkansas Senate, died recently from the bite of a spider.

☞ A man, for being told the truth, thanks you the first time—votes you a bore the second—and quarrels with you the third.

☞ A Frenchwoman talks a great deal more than she thinks—an English woman thinks a great deal more than she talks.

☞ A dyspeptic old hypochocondriac makes the following piteous inquiry:—"We have great cabbages, great gooseberries, great cities, great balloons, great crinoline petticoats, great bulls, pigs, and calves; but tell me where are our great men?"

☞ A Russian Prince, who is a fanatical admirer of an instrument which has fallen into general disfavor of late years—the guitar—has summoned all the guitarists of Europe to a public trial of their skill next month at Brussels, and has promised a gold medal to the best player, and a silver one to the second best!

Paris Letter.

"Honor to Whom Honor"—Squalls Ahead—The Coming Palaver—Glorious War—The Land of the Pyramids—Rachel Afloat—A Sensible Project—Ariel's Girdle—Celestial Photography—A Questionable Visitor—A Worshipping Editor.

Paris, Oct. 9, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

While awaiting something more definite than the contradictory accounts that reach us daily from Naples, Spain, Switzerland, and the Black Sea—four regions where a spark might easily set the world in a blaze again—another American name has just been brought prominently forward here; that of the inventor of the Improved Sewing Machine, which bids fair to drive all its rivals from the field. This admirable little instrument, the perfection of whose work is only equalled by the moderateness of its price, is not only introduced into several of the first tailoring and embroidering houses of Paris, but also into many regiments of the army. A recommendation has, moreover, just been addressed to the army tailors in general by the Minister of War, advising them to adopt this machine, and to introduce its use into their several regiments. It appears that the first Sewing Machine patented in this country was the one registered in 1844, by Parisean. From that date up to the present day, no less than 40 Sewing Machines—French, English, German and American—have been patented here. The honors of the struggle have been altogether to the American candidates.

The social horizon here is just now gloomy enough. It is possible that the fear of a financial crisis now so general among business men, may be exaggerated; but the change in tone observable since the last few weeks, is none the less remarkable. To the excessive elation, and unbounded confidence of last summer, has succeeded a very general apprehension of "a smash;" and should such a crisis arrive, it is to be feared that it would become the pretext of political disturbance. That trouble is brewing is evident enough from the restless action of the police, and the tightness of the rein held over the press, which the Government would naturally be less anxious to muzzle if it were not afraid of its bark.

Meantime, the Emperor's autographic letter to her Spanish Majesty, remonstrating with her on the folly of attempting to reinstate the faction of reactionaries driven from power by the late insurrection, seems to have arrested the downward movement of matters and things in that country, for the present at least. The sequestration of Queen Christina's property has been reversed; and that innocent and good-tempered looking, but most mischievous ex-personage is to be put in possession of the enormous wealth acquired by her peculations, though it is rumored that she will not return to Spain. She is about to leave this country, where she has been inhabiting the beautiful Palace of the Malmaison, placed at her service by Napoleon, who loses no opportunity of doing the polite to the numerous band of "Cousins" and "Brothers," Royal and Imperial, into which he has so deftly introduced himself. The *entente cordiale* he is so anxious to establish among the crowned heads of Europe, as the best means of resisting the revolutionary current which threatens their existence, may delay the catastrophe he fears, but cannot prevent it. On the contrary, the strength that results from union being thus clearly proved to the various nations of Europe at their own expense, it is probable that they will learn from the policy of their rulers the necessity of union among themselves. When this lesson has been fairly learned, we may hope for something better than the partial struggles of 1848, or the false "peace" of the present.

While Europe is still taking advantage of what will probably—unless the new Congress expected to be held here next month prove more fortunate than its predecessor—turn out to be a mere temporary lull in the storm of conflict. The French expedition against the Kabyles of Algeria is going on with all the energy for which their military manœuvring is so famous. This ancient Mahommedan people, with its simple form of representative government, prudent internal management, native industries, and indomitable courage, which were described in one of my recent epistles, are of course no match for the disciplined troops now being marched into their fastnesses, and are being worsted in battle after battle by their unscrupulous foe. The pretext for this expedition is the pretended hostility of the Kabyles, who are charged with having harrassed the French colonists, and with having carried off their flocks and herds in various marauding attacks. But it is, in reality, the old story of the wolf and the lamb; the French want to get hold of their country, and incorporate it into their Algerian possessions. And thus another ancient and interesting people, containing in itself the germs of civilization and progress, is being crushed out of existence by its more powerful "Christian" neighbors.

If the angels give themselves the trouble to look down into the affairs of our little planet, what must they think of some of our doings?

While the Kabyles, whose mountain fastnesses have so long sheltered them from invasion, are thus perishing *en masse*, it is pleasant to note the signs of progress now presented by the old land of the Pharaohs and Ptolomies, under the fostering care of its enlightened sovereign, the Viceroy Said. After being closed for the last ten years, the Medical School of Cario has just been re-opened with great pomp, by the Viceroy. Clot-Bey, to whose ardent efforts the foundation of the school, the surmounting of the immense difficulties opposed to its action by the prejudices of the people, and its present re-opening, are mainly due, is at the head of this establishment. The building, which is a very fine one, is at Kasr-el-ain, on the banks of the Nile, contains a noble hospital, very fine anatomical and other collections, and a botanic garden. Its director is Dr. Rayer, a German physician; and its professors are chosen from the most skillful physicians in Egypt, without regard to their nationality. Four are Arabians, others Egyptians; Dr. Burguieres, professor of the Pathological and Clinical Departments, is a Frenchman, member of the Faculty of Paris, and has been for many years Physician to the French Embassy in Egypt. All the high functionaries of the Government were present, as well as the Foreign Ministers and Consuls; and pipes and coffee played a conspicuous part on the occasion. Ten years ago the study of medicine was so unpopular in Egypt that the Government was obliged to *press* the young men needed to supply the ranks of the army-surgeons, and bring them, literally by main force, with irons on hands and feet, to the school in question. So great has been the progress in public sentiment since then, that no less than two hundred students, volunteers, were entered on the books of the college the day following its re-opening.

Your late disappointed visitor, Mademoiselle Rachel, has left Paris for the Nile. She is to spend the coming winter in a cangue, or boat fitted up as a dwelling, which will float in the river, without being moored. The great tragedian will thus literally pass her winter upon the legendary stream whose *prestige*, it is to be feared, will soon melt away before the regular lines of English steamers plying on its waters. Before leaving, she put all her affairs into the most orderly shape; gave directions to her lawyers respecting the sale of her beautiful hotel and other property; and having called her servants together, addressed a short discourse to them, and gave to each a valuable keepsake. The scene is said to have been very touching. Not an eye was dry in the room except her own. But she preserved her calmness until the last, even with her most intimate friends, who could not control their emotion at bidding her farewell in so critical a state of health. But imagine what the curiosity of the public will be when her charming residence, with its treasures of art and of luxury, is thrown open to the inquisitive eyes of the Parisians, preparatory to the sale! Unless a private sale should be effected, which is hardly likely, I shall of course make my way in with the crowd, and give your readers the benefit of my visit.

The mystery which has hitherto shrouded the origin of the ancient stream on whose placid waters poor Rachel, life-weary, will pass the coming winter, is about to be dissipated. The exploring party, organized by Count d'Escayrac de Lauture, with a view to the discovery of the sources of the Nile, seems to be going on successfully in its preparations. The Viceroy of Egypt, warmly devoted to science and progress, defrays the entire expenses of the party assembling under his auspices, for the carrying out of this most interesting, but somewhat dangerous adventure. Invited by the Viceroy to choose twelve coadjutors in the work of exploration, the Count has recruited a band of savans, topographers, engineers, and artists, from England, Austria, France, Prussia, and the United States. He has chosen, at London, Berlin, Paris, and Vienna, the instruments needed for carrying on every sort of observation, magnetic, meteorologic, and microscopic. Natural history, geography, astronomy, geology, and ethnography, are all duly represented in this well-constituted group. The observations of its members, controlling and completing one another, and illustrated by photographic art, and the aid of the pencil and the brush, will constitute an invaluable addition to our knowledge of the shadowy regions about to be visited by them. Count d'Escayrac, whom the Emperor has just made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, to mark the interest he takes in his undertaking, left Paris four days ago for Trieste; he will reach Egypt about the 15th, and will be soon joined by the companions he has invited to share the fatigues, the perils, and the glory of his task. The world is evidently opening its eyes; and however much we may honor, and justly, the courage which has animated the noble individual explorers of the past, it must be admitted that this mode of making acquaintance with an unknown region, by means of a group of friends, amply provided with every necessary both for defence and for success, is an altogether better way of proceeding.

The projected cutting through of the Isthmus of Suez, seems to meet with a good many obstacles. The principal English engineers consider the vast masses of shifting sand that are floated up and down the Red Sea by every tide, as a difficulty that may probably prove insurmountable, at any rate with our present appliances. For it is evident that it would only be throwing labor away, if, after the first tide, the mouth of the canal were to be filled with sand. English capitalists, therefore, hold aloof from the schome, and prefer the more costly, but far surer project of running a railway across to the Euphrates. Lord Strafford de Redcliff has urged the adoption of this latter upon the Porte, and the Asiatic line has just been conceded to an English company. The French capitalists interested in the Suez Canal schemo, and who had hoped thus to bring nearly all the India Transit trade to Marseilles, are furious at the concession of the Euphrates railway, for their own funds being inadequate to the cutting of the Isthmus, they can now hardly hope to carry it out; and refusing to recognize the danger of the shifting sand of the Red Sea, they persist in regarding the Euphrates railway as a cunningly-devised scheme for keeping the India trade from passing through Marseilles. It is certain that, so full as the world is of national jealousies and misunderstandings, we are not yet quite so near the Millennium of Universal Brotherhood as we could wish to be. But patience! our Isthmuses and all other barriers, physical and moral, will evidently be got rid of in due course of time!

The adepts of the new art of photography are busy all the world over. Even in Rome, where the *Congregation de l'Index*, in its anxiety to save the world the trouble of thinking for itself, has just forbidden the reading of a score or two of modern books (including J. S. Mill's Treatises on works on Political Economy) by the faithful, the heads of the Astronomical College have been taking a series of likenesses of the moon, giving her different phases with admirable precision. In some of these proofs the cavities of the lunar craters are perfectly distinguishable. M. Secchi, director of the establishment, has sent a collection of these proofs, and of solar ones, to the French Academy, and promises a series of proofs illustrative of the lunar and solar spots, and the nebulæ.

Here we are all getting ready for the eclipse of the moon, announced for the 23rd of this month, and also for the first sight of the great comet which has not visited us for some 300 years. Its last appearance having coincided with the most stirring events of the Reformation, those who incline to consider the great influences of Nature as acting alike in all her sphere, are beginning to wonder whether the visit of this mysterious stranger may not be marked by some new phase of the popular upheaving begun by the Protestants of the Middle Ages, and continued by the noble aspirations after political and social development which form the leading feature of the present day.

The lovers of wild, capricious, passionate, dreamy, starlit, and shadowy music, will be glad to learn that M. Jules Fontana, the intimate friend and fellow-student of Chopin, is editing the posthumous compositions of that master. Frederick Chopin, who improvised with a facility, grace, and perfection that seemed akin to the miraculous could only succeed in writing down his musical compositions through the most painful, prolonged, and laborious efforts. He needed only to place his white, etherialized, and almost transparent fingers upon the keys of his piano, and straightway melodies the most exquisite, combinations the weirdest and most original, yet the most brilliant and scientific also, sprang up, as though by magic, under his touch. The soul of the player seemed to pass into his instrument; the inert mass became vibrant, living, inspired, as though his will had magnotized it, and changed it into a fountain of spontaneous music. The few friends who were admitted into the charmed circle of his intimacy would thus be held breathless and entranced as though by the spell of a sorcerer, listening to the wild, subtle, and delicious outpourings that seemed to flow direct from the spirit-world. But when he tried to seize those changeful and fugitive fancies, and to write them down in regular form, his inspirations, so abundant, so clear, so distinct, became confused, and he could only succeed in fixing them in a definite shape after a world of mental torture and effort that sometimes drove him into paroxysms of nervous irritability, sometimes plunged him into the very depths of despondency, and not seldom left him half dead from nervous derangement and exhaustion. Added to this difficulty of composition, Chopin's idea was so sublimated that he was never satisfied with what he succeeded, after so much painful effort, in writing down; and after spending hours of anguish and labor on a single page, he would often seize the paper, crumple it up, and fling it from him in utter disgust, or tear it to shreds in a violent fit of anger and desperation. Many of his finished compositions even displeased him; others, written expressly for friends, he kept back from publication through an excess of scrupulous delicacy. A considerable number were left by him in a state of incompleteness at his death. M. Fontana, whose affection for Chopin partakes of that worshipping veneration with which this rare and most exquisite organization impressed all who came within its sphere, has scrupulously respected the wishes and even the caprices of his friend, publishing only those portions of his manuscripts which, from his long habits of intimacy with him, he is sure that the deceased musician would have been willing to give to the world. The collection thus carefully selected, consists, as his admirers will be glad to know, of a *fantaisie-impromptu*, eight mazurkas, five waltzes, three polonaises, a rondo for two pianos, three ecossaises, a nocturne, and a funeral march; all *chef d'œuvres* of sentiment and grace.

QUANTUM.

NEWS ITEMS.

A little girl of Bristol was missed by its parents, and was supposed to have been drowned. An alarm was given, the river was dragged, and, the body not being found, the friends of the disconsolate mother commenced to console her. The child all this time was standing among the watching crowd.

Miss Nightingale at Balmoral.—Miss Nightingale was specially invited to be present at the ball last week, and was seated with the Royal Family and the Court circle at one end of the hall. This young lady is taller than the portraits published of her would lead one to imagine. In the severe attack of illness she suffered in the East, it was absolutely necessary to have all her hair cut off, and it is now therefore quite short; but a charming little cap makes a very graceful headdress; and in the elegant and ladylike figure there is everything that bears out the ideal picture of the moral heroine of the Crimea which most have depicted to themselves.—*Eng. Paper.*

Great Change in the Coast Line.—In 1752, an English ship stranded near New Rochelle. Such have been the changes in the sea, that the wreck now lies in the midst of a cultivated field, thirteen feet above the sea, and around it are two thousand acres of cultivated land.

Increase in Iowa.—In 1846 the population of Iowa was 78,988. The estimate of the present year is 600,000. The increase last year was 274,000.

Hon. John M. Clayton.—We are happy to have reliable intelligence through the National Intelligencer, that the health of the Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware, has improved, and that, although his entire recovery will be necessarily slow, yet there is no reasonable doubt that he will be able, during the coming session of the Senate, to resume his duties in that body.—*Exchange.*

Mysterious Disappearance.—Wm. A. White, one of the principal citizens of Madison, Wisconsin, left home to attend the State Fair at Milwaukee, recently, and has not been heard of since.

Toronto, Oct. 29.—The Grand Trunk Railway was opened on Tuesday for traffic along its entire length from Quebec to Stratford. The trains passed from Toronto to Montreal in only fourteen hours.

Swiss Soldiers.—It is a singular historical fact that Switzerland, the only republic in Europe, has for more than half a century furnished the most reliable troops to the monarchs of Europe in all their troubles, as well as in the enforcement of their most arbitrary edicts. At this time, the Augsburg Gazette says, recruiting for the army of the tyrant King of Naples is going on with great activity in Switzerland.

Wesleyans in Great Britain.—At a conference of the Wesleyan Methodists, recently assembled at Bristol, England, it was stated that the total number of members in the connection in Great Britain is 268,835—an increase of 2,977 over last year.

Two slaves belonging to Lewis B. Norwood of Granville, N. C., murdered their master last week, by pouring a large pot of boiling water down his throat.

Potato Crop in Ireland.—The Banner of Ulster, an influential Irish paper, says that the potato crop of Ireland, north and south, is the best raised in the country since 1839. The average retail price is 4 to 4½ pence per stone of 14 pounds.

A Great Change.—The Boston (Mass.) Ledger states that W. M. Fleming, Esq., late manager of the National Theatre of that city, is studying divinity in New York, and intends henceforth to devote his talents to the pulpit.

Altitude of Spires.—Trinity Church spire, in New York, is 264 feet high; St. Paul's, 235; the Presbyterian Church, in Cincinnati, Ohio, 272; St. Peter's, Philadelphia, 233; St. Peter's, Rome, 550 feet.

Wouldn't Tell.—One of the modern spiritualists was lately consulted as to the result of the coming Presidential election. The spiritualist said he had called up the spirit of Gen. Jackson, but the old hero was not disposed to give him any information on the subject.

Froissart in Stone.—A statue of Froissart has been inaugurated with much ceremony at Valenciennes, the native place of the chronicler. It is by M. Lemaire, of the Institute, the sculptor of the pediment of the Madeleine of Paris, and other great works. The likeness of the historian is taken from a miniature painted in one of his "Chroniques." A cantata was executed and sung, and speeches in honor of Froissart were delivered on the occasion.

The Rev. Richard Chevenix Trench has been appointed to the Deanery of Westminster, vacant by the decease of Dr. Buckland.

Lord Brougham has entertained 800 men of the Royal Wilts Militia Regiment with roast beef and plum pudding.

Snow fell a foot deep at Oswego, N. Y., on the 31st.

Gov. Wise has written a long letter in reply to the inquiry by the Raleigh Register, as to the purpose of his recent visit to Raleigh. He designates the inquiry as rude and impertinent, and avers that he went to Raleigh on his own motion, throwing himself on his constitutional right to go there when he pleased. The residue of the letter is devoted to the discussion of the slavery question.

Washington, Oct. 31.—The number of land warrants issued under the act of March, 1855, during the month of October, was 5,102, covering more than 741,000 acres. The total number of applications is 260,200, and warrants have been issued to 178,618, to satisfy which 21,501,250 acres are necessary.

The nett amount in the U. S. Treasury, subject to draft, is upwards of $24,000,000, of which there is in New York $11,750,000, in Boston $8,000,000, and in Charlotte, North Carolina, over $1,750,000.

Results of Low Water.—The Memphis (Tenn.) papers say, that cotton has accumulated in that city to an unprecedented amount, in consequence of the low stage of water, preventing the large steamers from taking full loads. Two dollars a bale is freely paid in New Orleans, La., in this emergency.

Use of Guano.—At the recent meeting of the Hert (Eng.) Agricultural Association, Sir E. B. Lytton stated that within the last three years, independently of the sum expended on ordinary manures, the farmers of Great Britain had laid out five millions sterling in the purchase of guano, and that within the same period a million of fresh acres had been brought into cultivation.

A butcher who has just died, and who was a great dog fancier, has left orders to his heir to pay the taxes on 100 dogs belonging to him, and to devote a part of the revenue of a very fine estate to their support.

Horrible Death.—A Mr. Slough, 83 years of age, while riding through a township in Pennsylvania, accidently dropped some fire from his pipe among some straw and other combustibles which were in the carriage, and before he was able to escape, was completely enveloped in the flames. He was burned so badly that he died from the effects in a few hours.

The Convention of Inventors, which has been in session from time to time during the progress of the Fair of the American Institute, have about perfected the organization which it was their purpose to form. The association is to be called the "Congress of Inventors," each State being entitled to three representatives, to be elected by branch associations, which it is proposed to form in the several States.

A Moving Discourse.—A few Sundays ago, a divine preached a political sermon at Lempster, N. H., when several of his audience, leaving the church, he thanked God, in a fervent manner, that among other things granted him, he possessed the power of "casting out devils."

Richmond, Va., Oct. 27.—The Grand Jury today returned true bills against Robert G. Scott, John M. Botts, Roger A. Pryor, of the Enquirer, B. B. Botts, A. D. Banks, of the Petersburg Democrat, and others, for a violation of the duelling law of this State.

Boot and Shoe Cleaner.—Mr. Ayckbourn, an American gentleman, has just patented a machine for cleaning boots and shoes.—*English Paper.*

While the Hon. Rufus Choate was speaking to an audience of 5,000 persons, in Huntington Hall, Lowell, Mass., recently, the floor began to sink under the great weight. An examination was made, and the audience adjourned to another place. It was afterwards ascertained that the floor had settled four inches, and that a little longer delay would have proved fatal.

Ornaments of their Profession.—Col. Lowe, commanding the 4th Light Dragoons, at Brighton, has been obliged to report to the Horse Guards three officers of his regiment—Lieut. W. Winstanley, Cornet Lord Ernest Vane Tempest, and Cornet W. Jacob Birt, upon charges of serious misconduct towards a brother officer, and has placed those officers under close arrest, pending the result of an inquiry into the circumstances. The Brighton Herald, after alluding to the affair, says:—A correspondent sends us the following "particulars of the freaks indulged by the officers of our army," which have come to his knowledge. The first case was that of a young officer, who, in consequence of not joining in the extravagances of his companions in arms, was forcibly placed in a chair, a napkin tied tightly round his chin, and in that position fed with pap. On resisting, he was slapped, and treated in every respect like an infant. Another victim, who refused to join in the mess, went to bed at a reasonable hour, and, feeling satisfied that his rest would be disturbed, took the precaution to barricade his bed-room door. But that did not avail, for about midnight his persecutors went up stairs, broke in the panels of the door, and forced themselves into the room. They then, as we are informed, forcibly placed him under, or in a fountain, with nothing on but his shirt, thus giving him a cold bath.—*English Paper.*

The assessment rolls for the city and county of San Francisco have been made out, and show the total valuation of property to be $30,368,254, on which the aggregate taxes for State and county purposes is $698,578.

POSTSCRIPT.

The Elections.—So far as heard from, the result, as we write this, appears to be as follows:

Pennsylvania has gone for Buchanan by from 20,000 to 30,000 majority.

New Jersey has gone for Buchanan by a plurality of from 3,000 to 5,000.

Delaware has gone for Buchanan.

Maryland has gone for Fillmore.

Maine for Fremont by an increased majority.

New Hampshire for Fremont by probably 5,000 majority.

Vermont for Fremont by from 25,000 to 30,000 majority.

Massachusetts for Fremont by a large majority.

Rhode Island for Fremont by 2,028 majority over both Buchanan and Fillmore.

Connecticut for Fremont by a plurality of about 6,000.

New York has gone for Fremont by a plurality of about 20,000.

The Southern and Western States, with the exception of Maryland, not yet heard from, on account of the storm. Partial returns from Virginia indicate that it has gone for Buchanan.

Philadelphia gives Buchanan 36,190, Straight-out Fillmore ticket 12,353, Union ticket 18,678, Straight Fremont 75. The Fremont Union ticket vote was 6,022, and the Fillmore Union ticket vote 12,543. Buchanan's majority over Union ticket 18,570, and over all 6,383.

The City of New York, complete, gives the following result:

Buchanan,	40,741
Fillmore,	19,857
Fremont,	17,869

Showing a gain to the Democrats, upon last year's vote, of 11,509; to the Americans 81; and to the Republicans 11,035.

In this city the election was very peaceably conducted.

Baltimore was the scene of continued and violent rioting during the afternoon and evening. At the Eighth and Second Ward polls the riot was intense. A fierce engagement took place between the Democrats of the Eighth Ward and the Americans of the Sixth and Seventh Wards. Each party was provided with muskets and cannon, and the fight was kept up for over two hours. Some fifty persons were wounded, including a large number seriously.

In the Second Ward the Democrats drove off the Americans. The Fourth Ward Americans came to the rescue, and after a prolonged and fierce fight, re-took the polls and drove the Democrats off. The fight lasted over an hour. One man was killed and thirty wounded, several fatally.

In New York city, also, there was serious rioting in several wards, and the Sheriff was twice called on to lend the aid of an extra force.

In New York city, all the Democratic candidates for Congress are believed to be elected.

In Massachusetts all the Republican candidates for Congress were elected, including Mr. Burlingame.

Baltimore has given Mr. Fillmore a majority of 4,612—a gain over the recent election.

Later.—Ohio is reported to have gone Fremont by a somewhat decreased majority.

The Herald makes the Congressional delegation from New York 19 Democrats to 21 Opposition—another report says 18 Republicans, 12 Democrats, and 3 doubtful. The whole Republican State ticket is believed to be elected. In 26 counties (not full) Fremont has 117,692, Buchanan 102,002, and Fillmore 60,849.

Fernando Wood is said to be re-elected Mayor of New York city.

Massachusetts.—Returns from all but 70 towns foot up as follows:

Fremont	102,911
Buchanan	37,373
Fillmore	18,944

The Republicans have carried the Legislature almost unanimously. Gov. Gardner is re-elected.

New Jersey.—The Union (American and Republican) candidate for Governor (Newell) is believed to be elected.

Delaware.—The Buchanan majority is 1,838. Democratic Legislature and Congressman are elected.

Georgia.—Partial returns show Democratic gains. Buchanan has doubtless carried the State.

Alabama.—Mobile gives 150 majority for Fillmore.

Kentucky.—Fayette county gives Fillmore 429 majority, Louisville 1,920 Fillmore majority, Barren, Fillmore 400 majority, and Woodford, Fillmore 257 majority. Wilson county gives Buchanan 334 majority.

Tennessee.—Nashville, Nov. 4.—The city of Nashville gives Fillmore 1,625; Buchanan 1,102. The Democratic gain in the county is 120. In Memphis, there is a Democratic gain of 69. In Shelby county the Democratic gain is 193.

So Far.—For Fremont, Maine 8, New Hampshire 5, Vermont 5, Massachusetts 13, Rhode Island 4, Connecticut 6, New York 35, Ohio 23—making 99 votes.

Buchanan.—New Jersey 7, Pennsylvania 27, Delaware 3, Virginia 15, Georgia 10—making 62 votes.

Fillmore.—Maryland 8.

The telegraphic wires still continue broken to the South and West—and the returns from those quarters come in slowly.

It is already evident that neither Mr. Fremont nor Mr. Fillmore is elected by the people. Whether or not Mr. Buchanan is elected, the returns are not yet sufficient to decide.

Michigan.—Calhoun county, eleven towns, Republican majority 956; Kalamazoo county, nine towns, Republican majority 794; Jackson county, seven towns, Republican majority 230; Detroit 189 Democratic majority.

FROM EUROPE.

No Suspension as Yet—Neapolitan Affairs Approaching a Crisis, &c.

The Asia, which arrived at New York on the 31st, brings Liverpool advices to the 18th ult.

The country remains in a state of suspense as to money matters, but the only agitation as yet is on the Stock Exchange. The commercial wants can be supplied, though at extreme rates.

The detailed account of the change in the Spanish Ministry has not yet come to hand, further than the official announcement that there is no political crisis, and that the Queen made the change from O'Donnell to Narvaez solely on personal grounds.

A letter of the 11th, from Madrid, mentions a rencontre between Gen. Narvaez and M. Senor Guel, which was a good deal talked of in Madrid. The letter says: "General Narvaez has just assaulted Senor Guel y Rente, the husband of the Infante Josefa. Narvaez met him at the house of Gen. Alesen, the new Captain-General of the Phillippine Islands, and on ascertaining who he was, he cried out, in presence of the lady of the house and several visitors—'Ah, you rascal! you coward! clear out! You lied respecting me in the Cortes! Take this, and this, and this!' suiting the action to the word, and striking him repeatedly. 'Guel did not return the blows, but merely tried to avoid them, calling out, 'For heaven's sake, Duke, what do you mean?' The persons present interfered and put an end to the affair. Guel subsequently sent a challenge to Narvaez to fight him with small swords, which Narvaez accepted. The Queen, hearing of it, sent for Narvaez, and forbade him to fight. Guel has been ordered to retire immediately to San Sebastian, where his wife resides."

It is stated that, in consequence of the growing importance of the European complications, the Congress at Paris will consist of first, and not second rate plenipotentiaries, and that it will soon meet.

Denmark is without a Ministry, the last attempt having failed.

The European journals generally consider that the new Spanish Government is an unstable one, and that the days of the Bourbon rulers are numbered. Decrees have been issued re-establishing the Central House of Jesuits; also declaring the Concordat in full force, and suspending the law for the sale of Church property. The Emperor of France has addressed a letter to Queen Isabella, congratulating her on the restoration of order, and taking credit to himself for the favorable results of recent events.

The Queen of Spain has revoked the Constitution of 1845, and re-established the ancient regime.

The pressure on the Paris Bourse is still very severe, but the suspension of specie payments by the Bank, is not anticipated so strongly as before. The amount of the contract with the Rothschilds, for the purchase of specie is met, but large orders have gone out for the purchase of all the gold that can be obtained in London, Germany or the United States.

Count Walewski has answered the Russian Circular of September 2nd, repelling the reproaches of Prince Gortschakoff, in regard to the conduct of England and France, in the Neapolitan affair, and asserting that the action of France towards Naples will be purely of a diplomatic character.

A telegraphic despatch from Constantinople says that Lefer Pacha has gained two important victories over the Russians in Circassia.

A serious conspiracy has been detected in Florence, extending throughout the Duchy. Many persons, chiefly of the legal profession, have been arrested for being concerned in it.

There were several violent shocks of an earthquake at Naples, on the 8th of October, which caused great consternation. Many people passed the night in the streets, fearing that their houses might be shaken down over them.

Sicily is fast assuming a military aspect. Guns and batteries have been mounted, posts doubled, and large quantities of ammunition are arriving.

A crisis in Neapolitan affairs is certainly approaching.

The London Times, in speaking of English influence in Italy, says: "As usually happens, the Court of Naples has put its own construction on our delay, and concluded, with the logic of despotism, that what we have not done precipitately, we do not mean to do at all. In no respect, however, have England and France altered their intention. A note, couched in the most moderate and conciliatory terms, has doubtless been presented by this time, on the rejection of which we anticipate that the two legations will withdraw; and the combined squadron, by that time at Malta, proceed towards the Italian coast. Should there be any threats, the squadron will enter the Bay, and, under its guns, the English and French will find Naples as safe and pleasant a place as any in Europe. It is probable, however, that his Majesty will not permit his faithful subjects to see the fleet, but will make the concessions requisite to avert that spectacle."

The Liverpool papers state that Mr. Kernaghan, of Chicago, is a candidate for one of the vacant Consulships at New York, Philadelphia or Cincinnati.

A despatch from London, received just before the sailing of the Asia, states that, in consequence of a pressing note from France, Austria has commenced evacuating the Principalities.

The Government of Austria refuses to submit to the payment of light-house dues at the Sulina mouth of the Danube, on the plea that she was not consulted in the matter.

Turkey is sending troops to Trebizond.

The Liverpool Times says:—"The condition of the money market, both in this country and France, during the past week, has been one of painful suspense, and the funds have felt the full force of the agitation. The demand for gold continues, notwithstanding all the precautions which have been taken, and rumors of the Bank of France having suspended specie payments were very prevalent on the Stock Exchange during the past day or two. Consols have declined, and every department of business has felt the depressing influence of the present unsatisfactory state of affairs."

The London Times, referring to the Bank of France, says:

"According to the most reliable intelligence, there is no alteration in its position. Other writers question the accuracy of the favorable statements recently transmitted. Others assert that the stock of bullion is receiving numerous additions, especially at the Branch Bank. If, after the purchase just effected on this side, the accounts during the next week should appear unsatisfactory, the prospect of specie payments being maintained will be almost given up. According to some of the rumors of the day, an issue of notes is contemplated, of twenty francs and fifty francs each."

Commercial.—The Broker's Circular, dated Liverpool, Oct. 17th, quotes the Cotton market as active and closing firm. Prices were stiffer, but the quotations are unchanged. Middling qualities are most inquired for. The sales for the week have been 73,000 bales, including 14,000 on speculation, and 8,000 for export. Middling Mobiles 6 7-16; fair Uplands 6¾; middling Uplands 6 7-16. The stock of Cotton at Liverpool was 551,000 bales, of which 404,500 were American. The sales on Friday were 10,000 bales, of which 3,000 were for speculation and export. The closing quotations were: Fair Orleans 7¼d; middling Orleans 6 1-8; fair Mobiles 6¾.

The weather continues unfavorable for the crops.

Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co.'s Circular quotes Wheat 8s 3da8s 6d; white Wheat 10s 3da10s 6d. Western Canal Flour 30s 33s. Baltimore and Philadelphia Flour 33 a34s. Ohio Flour 36s 37s 6d. Yellow and mixed Corn 33s 6da34s. White Corn 35s 35s 6d.

Breadstuffs.—Wheat is slightly dearer, and Corn exhibits a slight improvement. Corn is active, and has improved 6da8s.

Provisions—Beef is quiet, and Pork dull. Bacon steady at 75s.

Tallow—Y C has advanced 6d.

Ashes are steady. Pots 41s 9da50s. Pearls 45s 6da46s.

Naval Stores—Common Rosin is 6da8s 6d. Fine Rosin 11s 6d. Spirits of Turpentine quiet. Sales at 34s.

Sugar—Active at an advance of 6da8s.

The Manchester markets are firmer.

London Markets, Oct. 17.—Messrs. Baring & Brother's circular quotes the Iron market as quiet—Welsh rails free on board £7 10a7 12s 6d; Welsh bar Iron £7 15s; Scotch pig, on the Clyde, 67s 6d. Breadstuffs steady. Flour 33s 37s; red Wheat 6s 7½s; white Wheat 7s 7½s. Sugar has been active and prices have advanced 1a1½d. Coffee active.

The London Money Market on the 17th, was decidedly more stringent. Consols for money closed at 91¾, and for account at 91¾. American securities dull and slightly declined.

Havre, Oct. 14.—Cotton Market—New Orleans tres ordinaire is quoted to-day at 104f. The sales of the week have been 6,500 bales. Breadstuffs—All descriptions have slightly declined. Provisions dull.

Three Days Later.—New York, Nov. 3.—The steamship Vigo, arrived at noon to-day from Havre, whence she sailed on the 19th ult, bringing three days later news from the Continent.

The Paris conference was to re-assemble on the 16th.

The German papers state that the King of Naples has urged the cabinets of St. Petersburg, Vienna and Berlin, to conclude in favor of the integrity of the kingdom of the Sicilies, a treaty analogous to that guaranteeing the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

The latest advices state that the preparations for the defence of Naples are being redoubled.

No modification of the ministry had taken place. All are anxiously looking for the allied fleets.

The French squadron was anchored in the Roads at Toulon, ready to depart. Four Sardinian ships were also ready at Genoa.

An English steamer arrived at Ajaccio on the 12th, with orders to Admiral Dundas to sail, and accordingly two steam frigates put to sea the next morning. The remainder of the squadron sailed in the evening.

Havre Cotton Market, Oct. 18.—The cotton market is steady, with a good demand at 1f. advance. The sales of the week are 8,300 bales. *Tres ordinaire* 105f.

Quebec, Nov. 3.—The Steamer Canadian, from Liverpool, with dates to the 21st of October, arrived this morning.

Liverpool Cotton Market, Oct. 21.—The circular of Richardson, Spence & Co., reports the sales of Saturday at 15,000 bales, of which speculators took 3000 bales.

The Canada's advices, received on the 19th, caused an advance of 3-16th on all qualities, with an active speculative inquiry, and the sales of Monday footed up 30,000 bales, of which 20,000 bales were taken on speculation.

The sales to-day (Tuesday) are 15,000 bales, of which 6,000 bales were taken by speculators, and at the close the market is quiet.

The sales of the three days are 60,000 bales, of which 31,000 bales were taken by speculators.

PROBABLY A HOAX.

The *London Times*, in a recent number, in one of the most conspicuous portions of its pages, gave a long narrative, by an "eye-witness," of a railway trip through part of the State of Georgia, U. S., which has already created a profound sensation throughout the United Kingdom. The narrative in question is briefly to this effect: That the "eye-witness" left Macon, in Georgia, to proceed to Augusta, in Georgia, at five o'clock at night, and reached the destination at three the following morning. Two young women and a man were among the passengers. Owing to a flirtation on the part of one of the young women, who had been engaged to this railway trip by B, but had subsequently accepted an offer to the same effect from A, a quarrel sprung up between A and B, the latter having joined before the cars started. A duel was arranged between them, in the negotiation of which a third party, C, assisted. During the discussion, a second duel was got up by an old man of sixty and one of forty-five, who, calling on the conductor of the train to stop, they got out and were left behind. When the next station was reached, a telegraphic message reported the old man had been killed. He had left a little boy of six years old behind in the train; he was at this time asleep. C, who had as a negotiator made himself very active, was irritated because A and B declined fighting at once, and used language which affronted B. A challenge ensued; the train is stopped; B and C get out, and the conductor waits the result; B is killed, and C comes back into the train. B's father being there, is offered by C his revenge for his son's death, but he declines being killed too. Then C makes an oration, in which he calls the young woman a strumpet, and says he will denounce her as such wherever he meets her. The young woman violently defends herself, and calls upon the passengers to take her part, i. e. fight a duel for her. At length, B's father succumbing to her urgent importunities, consents to fight, and challenges C, who now refuses, and brands B's father as a coward for not accepting his first challenge. A young man D, now enters from the smoking saloon, he recognizes the young woman, who enlists him as a partisan, and he challenges C. They fight in the smoking saloon with Monte Christo or noiseless pistols. All that is henceforward heard of D is his death cry—his body is put among the luggage—the young woman, grown desperate, awakes the little boy, takes him into the private apartment, informs him of the death of his father, tells him he was killed by C, and counsels him to tell all his friends that they may avenge his father's death. The boy shrieks, with heart-broken grief denounces C and declares he will acquaint all his friends that C has killed his father. A companion of C now interferes, snatches the boy from the young woman, and repeats to the boy the actual circumstances of his father's death; but the boy still cries bitterly and accuses C, whereupon the companion having failed to pacify him, threatens to murder him if he is not quiet. The young woman now makes passionate appeals to the passengers to save the boy, and a man rises up, and, remonstrating with C's companion, restores the boy to the young woman. But the boy is beyond pacification; he still shrieks and denounces C. Whereupon, C's companion seizes the boy, takes him to the platform, *murders him, and flings his body on the railway.* This incident caused the eye witness to faint, and when he or she recovered, B's father, the stranger who had restored the boy to the young woman, C, and his companion were leaving the train to fight a duel. B's father and the stranger were killed, and C and his companion came back; but the conductor started the train just as C set his foot on it, so his companion was left behind. C tried to clamber over the engine to stop it, but the conductor and the engine driver seized, secured and placed him in a secure place for the remainder of the journey. The "eye-witness" states that the authorities of Augusta took no notice of these events. No journal published any account of it, and such encounters are frequent. Of this statement the Times observes that, although no one, least of all a journalist, likes to be hoaxed, it will be glad to find, so far as this story goes, that such a wicked prank has been played upon it; but it declares of this narrative that "its insertion was delayed for some days that we might obtain satisfactory vouchers for the writer's respectability, sanity and truthfulness; and on these points we have no doubt. Short of a miracle, we never read anything so simply stated, yet so incredible in its substance. Yet we are told that nothing but the terror which possesses peaceful men in the States prevents the publication of more horrors of this sort."

The story on all sides is received with very great doubt, even though endorsed by the Times, which possesses vouchers, but nevertheless its effect is of the most damaging character; and, being witness to the very general sensation of horror it has excited in London circles, I have deemed it my duty to refer to it at this length, to show that its contradiction and refutation is a matter not, for the honor of the nation,

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

"THE CRUISE OF THE VINCENNES, JR."

While we were yet at Simoda, the bold idea of surveying the coast of Nipon from that port to the North-East point of the island, and then crossing the stormy straits of T'sugar (commonly but erroneously pronounced Sangar,) to Hakodadi, Island of Jesso, in an open boat, was first conceived and subsequently executed with happy success. The undertaking does not look like anything very remarkable, so far, but when I tell the reader that said coast of Nipon was entirely unknown, that it spanned a distance of nearly five hundred miles, that it was the season when violent gales were likely to cross their path at any moment, and that the straits of T'sugar were well known to be washed by strong and uncertain currents, and to be spotted with hidden dangers, he will doubtless acknowledge the boldness of the attempt.

These straits of T'sugar, are the same of which I wrote in my last letter under the heading of "One of the pleasures of a sea life;" and if the reader of the Post remembers how roughly the "old John" herself was handled by its broken waters as she ran across them before a south-east gale, it will not be difficult for him to imagine how easily *an open boat* might have been swamped, and how certainly every one of her crew would have perished, had she happened to have experienced the same weather that we did. And what was there to ensure her against experiencing similar, or even worse weather? Therefore I say that it was a bold, almost a fool-hardy undertaking; but as two very particular friends of mine were engaged in it, I will retract the latter part of this assertion, and then go on to tell how the thing was got up, and what results it accomplished.

There was no lack of volunteers when it was first talked of, for though there was evidently danger to be encountered, yet was there also a prospect of exciting adventure joined with it, and who ever yet saw an American man of war without one or more officers ready and willing to volunteer under such circumstances—or who ever yet saw sailors *that were afraid to follow?* That is one beautiful trait in the character of old ocean's wanderers at any rate; *they will follow wherever an officer leads them.*

The first thing to be done after fixing upon the party, was to prepare the boat for her unusual service, and this was entered into with so much spirit, that at the end of a few days she was pronounced "ready for sea." She was the largest boat carried by the Vincennes, was known as "the launch," and measured probably from four to five tons. They had built a light forecastle deck forward, knocked up a few lockers aft, and rigged her as a sloop. She carried a twelve-pounder boat howitzer on a pivot, one or two boxes of fixed ammunition, a change of clothes for each man, and the regular Government ration of beef and pork, bread, rice, whiskey, &c., for twenty-one days. Her crew numbered from fifteen to twenty souls, all armed to the teeth, and ready to go *anywhere* in spite of *anything* the Japanese might say or do, for these latter, with their usual annoying policy, had strongly objected to such a thing as a boat of light draft running into all of the nooks and corners (where a large vessel could not go,) along five hundred miles of their coast; and it was therefore necessary to do it against their wishes, or give it up altogether.

Of course, we would not have persisted at the expense of life, but then we knew well enough that the Japanese were like a large, savage, but quiescent dog; walk by him in a quiet, cool, unconcerned manner, and he will probably content himself with "keeping his eye upon you," whereas, if you hesitate in your advance, if you evince the slightest fear or indecision, he will more than probably spring at your throat.

And thus it was with them and us; as soon as we stopped to show them the consideration of asking their consent to the most simple measure, they would begin to clear their throats, and advance more difficulties than an ordinary man could think of in double the time; and these difficulties were always so trivial, and the desire to bother and retard us so apparent, that we generally left them in anger, and did what we wanted to without the slightest regard to them or their opposition.

Well, as soon as the launch was pronounced "ready for sea," she was dubbed the Vincennes, Jr., and put under the command of Passed Midshipman Acting Lieutenant John M. Brooke,* of the Vincennes, Sr., who had associated with him in the risky undertaking, Messrs. Edward Kern, artist, and Richard Berry, sailmaker, in addition to the regular crew. All of this party in general, and Messrs. Passed Midshipman Acting Lieutenant Commanding John M. Brooke and Edward Kern in particular, deserve the highest praise for the successful manner in which they conducted and terminated the enterprise; for, while the former navigated and sailed their little vessel, and surveyed the land along which they coasted, the latter sketched in the coast line from point to point, and added largely to the contents of his already bulky portfolio, whenever they saw anything that struck them as rare or beautiful along those isolated and romantic shores. This latter gentleman wielded a pencil that had more then once crossed our western wilds from the Atlantic to the Pacific, while that feat was yet one of great magnitude, and its practiced and valuable tracings during this, our "last cruise," will, it is hoped, soon emerge from their present dusty resting-place, to command the admiration of all lovers of true art, as well as to satisfy the curiosity of all such as may be interested in the habits and manners of more than one strange and unfrequented country which it was our fortune to visit.

Well, they left Simoda on the morning of a fine day, and for some time had a continuation of pleasant weather and easy sailing. They passed the first night in a small bay, some miles above Simoda, with their boat anchored near the beach, and their tent pitched upon a grassy knoll, before which a bright fire was soon kindled, and a warm supper subsequently discussed. The natives of a small village near at hand received them quite civilly, but took care to send a courier over to Simoda reporting their arrival, and asking for instructions as to what they should do. The arrival of this messenger at Simoda, is said to have caused no little annoyance to the pompous officials before whom he presented himself, and they immediately started Ta-cho-nos-kee, the interpreter, off in hot haste to drive our explorers off to sea. They had no difficulty in recognizing the launch, from the drawing which was doubtless sent of her, as the boat which had left their harbor in the morning, and to which they refused permission to survey along their coast. Ta-cho-nos-kee rode upon a government horse, and doubtless "used him" as hard as government horses are generally used under similar circumstances, but when he arrived at the end of his journey, the Vincennes, Jr., had stood out to sea, and he had the pleasure of riding back again. Had he been a well-read European, he would doubtless have hummed upon his return journey, the once popular ditty of which this is a part—

"The King of France, with twenty thousand men,
Marched up a hill, and then marched down again."

Our explorers were equally fortunate on the second evening of their cruise, as far as passing a quiet night was concerned. They found another little cove into which they retreated from a squally prospective, and entailed a long ride upon a second courier, which, in turn, mounted poor Ta-cho-nos-kee again upon his Government hack. But he had not proceeded half-way on his road this time, before he was met by a third courier, who informed him that their visitors had departed with the early dawn. They were like the Irishman's flea, "put your finger on him, and he isn't *there.*"

In this way they cruised along quite smoothly, making good time during the days before favorable winds, and seeking shelter at night in quiet little coves which they generally were so fortunate as to fall in with towards the ends of the days. After a while, however, "a change came over the spirit of their dream," in the shape of a spell of bad weather, when they would fain have run into some of the "quiet coves" that had befriended them so far, but unfortunately they had arrived at a long stretch of iron-bound coast by that time, that warned them that their greatest safety now consisted in keeping at a reasonable distance *from* the land; so they had to work through it as best they could, eating cold and uncooked provisions, being knocked about in a most unpleasant manner by the rising seas, and passing, altogether, anything but a pleasant time.

Now, as long as that state of things lasted, they were in great danger, for had their "bad spell of weather" resolved itself into even an ordinary gale, they must have gone down, or been forced to run back for shelter. As it was, however, she was included among Bunsby tailors and sparrows, (see last letter) and got to the end of the iron-bound part of the coast in safety. There she again encountered moderate weather and quiet coves, and accomplished the rest of her trip quite comfortably as far as the north-east point, where she encountered the tide rip which had caused us of the "old John" so much annoyance, but which she then crossed quite easily, there being only a gentle breeze following her, while we had had a gale after us.

In short she arrived safely in Hakodadi on her twenty-first night out, much to our relief, and greatly to the surprise of the Japanese fishermen, who wondered greatly to see a craft of her size cruising along their stormy coasts. That same day she was unrigged and hoisted into the Vincennes again, and thus was her perilous voyage happily terminated. The foregoing is a very fair specimen of the manner in which we were often exposed during that surveying cruise around the world, and if "John Smith" ever volunteers for another similar one, it will be some other member of our extensive family, not me.

* We are allowed long and high-sounding titles in the Navy, to compensate us for our small pay.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE OF SLEEP.

BY MISS KIMBALL.

The Beautiful Gate of Sleep is barred!
Oh Angel within!—
The panels of pearl with diamonds starred,
Give back no sound to my feeble knock;
I have no key that will turn the lock!
How long must I wait?
Oh evermore and *forevermore*
Must I stand at the Beautiful Gate?

My garments are thin—my sandals worn!
Sweet Angel within!—
How piercing the blast—how sharp the thorn!
The night is cheerless! the wind is wild!
My bruised heart sobs like a pitiful child!
How long must I wait?
Oh evermore and *forevermore*
Must I stand at the Beautiful Gate?

If I were a Queen I'd give my crown;
Oh Angel within!—
Or famed, I would lay my laurels down;
Or rich, I'd yield thee my treasured gold,
For thy sweet shelter from rain and cold!
How long must I wait?
Oh evermore and forevermore
Would I pass through the Beautiful Gate!

—Boston Transcript.

THE NILE WATER.—After a month's continual use of it, I can regret, but cannot wonder, that the blinded heathen, who saw that this marvellous river, filling the land with plenty, produced his food and furnished him with a drink surpassing all other fluids in its exquisite savour, worshipped it and paid offerings to it, as a god. I can still less wonder that the inhabitants of Egypt at this day regard this water as a universal medicine. You see the mother fill her palm out of muddiest pool flowing from the blessed stream, and give it to her child to drink. The cleanliest Arab will present you with a cup of the undiluted fluid. I am convinced, though no believer in a catholicon, that the water of the Nile must be a cure for many human sufferings, were it only that it is a cup which "bathes the drooping spirits in delight." I can well believe Moore, when, repeating from Dr. Pauw, he speaks of "that sacred river, for a draught of whose sweet flood the royal daughters of the Ptolemies, when far away on foreign thrones, have often been known to sigh in the midst of their splendor;" and I can sympathize with those who, after residing in lands, have at last finally fixed their home by the side of this voluptuous river. The waters of the East, whether good or bad, are all soft. About the analysis of the water of the Nile, I have no curiosity, and I would not be pleased to receive information. To be made acquainted with the chemical elements which compose our food or our drink is enough to destroy all pleasure in eating or drinking; and to subject the substance of the venerable god Nilus to the torture of scientific analysis, looks very like impiety. The Nile water is particularly soft: it fills the mouth with a rich creamy taste; and in drinking it, in order to enjoy it, it is well to spread it over every part of the palate. It should be drunk, not to quench thirst, but to create high pleasure. It should not, therefore, be swallowed in large draughts at a time, but taken at short intervals every other hour or so. In the house, the water-jar—the admirable Egyptian water-jar which is so much more porous than the Indian jar—should be at hand by day and by night continually.—Much refreshment of soul will be obtained by your rising from bed during the night and taking repeated draughts—allowing them to remain some little time in the mouth, so as to keep an abiding sense of pleasure on your palate.—*Bruce's Scenes in the East.*

HOTTENTOT LOGIC.—On certain subjects many persons argue like the Hottentot, who said the white men were a people too filthy to be allowed to live, being obliged to change their clothes twice or thrice a week, and to wash themselves every day—whereas his more cleanly countrymen did not wash themselves oftener than once a moon, and *never changed* their clothes!

OVER THE RIVER.

She lay with her thin white hands
Clasped over her heating heart,
And her beautiful limbs were still and cold,
As a sculptured form of Art.
But a zephyr stole in at the blinds
And rippled the curls on her brow;
And she started as one from a stream, and said—
"'Tis time I was going now;
The autumn rays o'er the hill-tops quiver—
They are calling me over the river."
How we strove to hold her back!—
It was so sad, so sad, the parting;
But she broke from our clasps with gentle force,
And whispered, "'Tis time for departing,"—
Oh! her tones, though soft, made our wrung hearts quiver—
"They are calling me over the river."

One plunge, and the waters dark
Grew fleck with many a dimple,
While she bowed her head to the billow's breast,
Like a babe in its truthfulness simple.
And the waves transluscent seemed,
Till they dazzled e'en her bright vision;
And we knew that the angel she had looked for long
Had come to fulfill his mission;
And we knew that she saw the bright lights quiver
On the other side of the river.

A glitter and rustle of wings,
And in robes of snow-white brightness,
And the soul arrayed in its nuptial garb,
Went forth in its bridal whiteness.
She clasped the hand that was strong to deliver,
And they welcomed her over the river.
And when they shut the gates,
The gates of the beautiful Palace,
Seemed as darkness unfolding her sablest wings,
Sweeping down and black'ning the valleys;
And we heard a sound as of a broken heart's quiver,
Over this side of the river.

FASHION AND DRESS.

The new silks introduced for the autumn and winter seasons are of patterns and hues far surpassing any which have preceded them. They comprehend moires interwoven with patterns in velvet, brocatells, reps of various kinds, and silks with flounces figured in various patterns. Velvets in beautiful new tints have also been produced.

The chief novelty in bonnets consists of a combination of crape and velvet; but bonnets composed wholly of velvet are being prepared for the approaching cold season. One of these, just received from Paris, consists of drab-colored velvet. A small roleau of feathers, of the same tint, ornaments the edge of the brim and the curtain; and the rest of the trimming consists of flowers of blue velvet. Another bonnet is composed of folds of garnet-colored velvet, the trimming consisting of black lace. Red flowers are employed for the under-trimming.

Two or three very elegant morning dresses of worked muslin have been completed by a fashionable dressmaker for a lady of rank. They are made in the *peignoir form*, and are lined with colored silk. They are fastened in front by bows of velvet ribbon, of the same color as the lining. A small cap composed of a net formed of velvet and ornamented with frills and lappets of black and white lace, will be adopted with dresses above-mentioned.

No very striking novelties have appeared in lace and muslin since we last noticed those articles of costume. We may, however, mention that several of the new pocket-handkerchiefs are elaborately ornamented. Some are almost entirely composed of Valenciennes insertion and needlework, which others have a very small plain centre, edged round with broad guipure.

The number of new wreaths, bouquets, and trimmings of dresses formed of artificial flowers, indicates that preparations for the balls of winter are already commencing. A wreath of white lilies, tinted with purple and intermingled with silver wheat-ears and blades of grass, has just been mounted as an ornament to a ball-dress. This wreath is terminated by a bouquet; and a bouquet for the corsage, and a wreath for the hair, have been made to wear with it. Another elegant trimming for ball-dresses consists of two *agrafes*, both to be worn on one side of the skirt, and consisting of bright green foliage, coral sprays, and stars in silver, the whole intermingled with moss.

Four complete *parures* of flowers (each consisting of a trimming for the dress, a bouquet for the corsage, and a wreath for the hair) have just been despatched from Paris to the Court of Prussia. One is formed of white cactus, another of poppies of a pale rose-color, the third is composed of blue convolvulus, and the fourth of roses of various hues.—*London Lady's Newspaper.*

PERFUMES AS PREVENTIVES OF MOULDINESS.—Mouldiness is occasioned by the growth of minute vegetation. Ink, paste, leather, and seeds most frequently suffer by it. A clove will preserve ink; any essential oil answers equally well. Leather may be kept free from mould by the same substances. Thus, Russian leather which is perfumed with the tar of birch, never becomes mouldy; indeed, it prevents it from occurring in other bodies. A few drops of any essential oil will keep books entirely free from it. For harness, oil of turpentine is recommended. Alum and resin are used to preserve bookbinders' paste, but ineffectually; oil of turpentine succeeds better; but, by small quantities of oil of peppermint, anise, or cassia, paste has been preserved for several years. Dr. Macculloch recommends the addition to the flour and water of some brown sugar and a little corrosive sublimate; the sugar keeping it flexible when dry, and the sublimate preventing it from fermenting, and from being attacked by insects. A few drops of any of the essential oils may be added to the paste when it is made. It dries when exposed to the air, and may be used merely by wetting it. Seeds may also be preserved by the essential oils; and this is of great consequence when they are sent to a distance. Of course, moisture must be excluded as much as possible, as the oils of ottos prevent only the bad effects of moulds.—*Family Friend.*

THE FOGS OF LONDON.—By accurate observation of the height of the fog relatively to the higher edifices whose elevation is known, it has been ascertained that the fogs of London never rise more than from two hundred to two hundred and forty feet above the same level. Hence the air of the more elevated environs of the metropolis is celebrated for its pure and invigorating qualities; being placed above the fogs of the plain, and removed from a smoky and contaminated atmosphere. The height of the Norwood hills, for example, is about three hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea at low water, and thus enjoys a preeminent salubrity.

TRINIDAD.—THE GREAT ASPHALTE LAKE.—This curious lake lies near the village De la Brave, the houses of which are built of asphalte. Not far off are also springs of natural naptha. Combined with sand and rubble, the asphalte forms a good paving for the city of Puerto de Espagne. It is intended now, however, to utilize it on a large scale, and by mixing the asphalte with chips of wood, to obtain every year 5,000 tons of a superior fuel, by which the West India steamers could save much of the coal they are obliged now to carry with them from England.

THE JEWS.

An intelligent writer in the North American Review supposes that no class of immigrants has increased more rapidly in this country than the Hebrew.

"Hidden away, as it were, behind the great mass of our Christian inhabitants, there is a very large population of Jews; people shut up almost in themselves, preserving their own customs, practising their own sublime and glorious religion, and keeping up quietly, but faithfully, the ceremonies and traditions that have come down to them from their forefathers. Observing their Sabbath, when all the rest of our population is busily engaged in traffic and business, the Jews have but few Christians as visitors to their places of worship; and the synagogues remaining closed upon Sunday, when people so disposed usually investigate the religious ceremonies of their neighbors, but a small portion of our citizens, comparatively, know anything about the very interesting Jewish ceremonial law and practices.

"The number of Jews in the United States exceeds a quarter of a million, and in the State of New York there are about forty thousand, of whom nearly seven-eighths reside in the Empire City. This estimate is arrived at not by any census—the taking of which is forbidden by the Jewish law—but by the amount of unleavened bread consumed at the season of the Passover. At that time, for one week, no Jew is permitted to eat leavened bread. The Passover bread is baked in large public ovens, and is dealt out to all applying families at the rate of five pounds for every man, woman and child. By the law they are obliged to eat it, and we understand that but very few—perhaps not five hundred in the whole country—neglect to fulfill their obligations in this particular. Therefore, by the amount of Passover bread consumed, it is very easy to compute the number of the faithful children of Israel in the country."

In 1850, a man might count upon his fingers all the synagogues in the land; now there are at least a quarter of a million Jews, from eighty to ninety synagogues, and a multitude of smaller communities where a nucleus exists which will soon grow into a synagogue. The city of New York alone has twenty synagogues and thirty thousand Jews—about one-twentieth part of the population being such. There are synagogues in all the chief cities of the seaboard; two in Boston, five in Baltimore, three in New Orleans, two in Charleston, and four in Cincinnati, &c.

It may not be inappropriate to add to the above statement respecting the progress of the "ancient people" in our country the annexed historical and statistical particulars from an article in Blackwood's Magazine:

Vast as is the period and singular as are the changes of European history since the Christian era, Judea still continues to be the most interesting portion of the world. Among other purposes, it may be for the purpose of fixing the general eye upon this extraordinary land, that it has been periodically visited by a more striking succession of great public calamities than perhaps any other region. With less to attract an invader than any other conspicuous land of the East, it has been constantly exposed to invasion. Its ruin by the Romans in the first century did not prevent its being assailed by almost every barbarian, who, in turn, assumed the precarious sovereignty of the neighboring Asia. After ages of obscure misery, a new terror came in the Saracen invasion, which, under Amrou, on the conquest of Damascus, rolled on to Palestine. A siege of four months, which we may well conceive to have abounded in horrors, gave Jerusalem into the hands of the Caliph Omar. On the death of Omar, who died by the usual fate of Eastern princes, the dagger, the country was left to the still heavier misgovernment of the Moslem Viceroys—a race of men essentially barbarian, and commuting for their crimes by their zeal in proselytism. The people, of course, were doubly tormented.

A new scourge fell upon them in the invasion of the Crusaders, at the beginning of the twelfth century, followed by a long succession of bitter hostilities and public weakness. After almost a century of this wretchedness, another invasion from the Desert put Jerusalem into the hands of its old oppressor, the Saracen; and in 1187, the famous Saladin, expelling the last of the Christian sovereigns, took possession of Palestine.—After another century of tumult and severe suffering, occasioned by the disputes of the Saracen princes, it was visited by a still more formidable evil in the shape of the Turks, then wholly uncivilized—a nation in all the rudeness and violence of mountaineer life, and spreading blood and fire through Western Asia. From this date (1317) it remained under the dominion of the Ottoman until its conquest, a few years ago, by that most extraordinary of all Mussulmans, the Pacha of Egypt—a dreary period of 600 years, under the most desolating Government of the world. It is equally impossible to read the Scriptural references to the future condition of Palestine, without discovering a crowd of the plainest and most powerful indications that it shall yet exhibit a totally different aspect from that of its present state. Enthusiasm, or even the natural interest which we feel in this memorable nation, may color the future to us too brightly; but unless language of the most solemn kind, uttered on the most solemn occasions, and by men divinely commissioned for its utterance, is wholly unmeaning, we must yet look to some powerful, unquestionable, and splendid display of Providence in favor of the people of Israel.

The remarkable determination of European politics toward Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt within these few years; the not less unexpected change of manners and customs, which seemed to defy all change; and the new life infused into the stagnant Governments of Asia, even by their being flung into the whirl of European interests, look not unlike signs of the times. It may be no dream to imagine in these phenomena the proofs of some memorable change in the interior of things—some preparatives for that great Providential Restoration of which Jerusalem will yet be the scene, if not the centre, and the Israelite himself the especial agent of those high transactions which shall make Christianity the religion of all lands, restore the dismantled beauty of all earth, and make man what he was created to be, only "a little lower than the angels."

The statistics of the Jewish population are among the most singular circumstances of this most singular of all people. Under all their calamities and dispersions, they seem to have remained at nearly the same amount as in the days of David and Solomon, never much more in prosperity, never much less after ages of suffering.—Nothing like this has occurred in the history of any other race; Europe in general having doubled its population within the last hundred years, and England nearly tripled hers within the last half-century; the proportion of America being still more rapid, and the world crowding in a constantly increasing ratio. Yet the Jews seem to stand still in this vast and general movement.—The population of Judea, in its most palmy days, probably did not exceed, if it reached, four millions. The numbers who entered Palestine from the wilderness were evidently not much more than three; and their census, according to the German statists, who were generally considered to be exact, is now nearly the same as that of the people under Moses—about three millions. They are thus distributed:

In Europe, 1,916,000, of which about 668,000 are in Poland and Russia, and 453,000 are in Austria.

In Asia, 738,000, of which 300,000 are in Asiatic Turkey.

In Africa, 504,000, of which 300,000 are in Morocco.

In America, North and South, 57,000.

If we add to these about 15,000 Samaritans, the calculation in round numbers will be about 3,180,000.

This was the report in 1825; the numbers probably remain the same. This extraordinary fixedness in the midst of almost universal increase is doubtless not without a reason, if we are even to look for it among the mysterious operations which have preserved Israel a separate race through eighteen hundred years. May we not naturally conceive that a people thus preserved without advance or retrocession; dispersed, yet combined; broken, yet firm; without a country, yet dwellers in all; every where insulted, yet every where influential; without a nation, yet united as no nation ever was before or since, has not been appointed to offer this extraordinary contradiction to the common laws of society, and even the common progress of nature, without a cause, and that cause one of final benevolence, universal good, and divine grandeur?

In noticing the preceding statistics, the late Major Noah remarked:

"We apprehend there is some error in the above statistics, and that the number of Jews throughout the world may be estimated at nearer six millions than three. There are more than a million in Poland and Russia; in all Asia there are full two millions; half a million in Austria; in the Barbary States and Africa a million; in all Europe two millions and a half. We do not think, during the most splendid period of Jewish history, that they ever exceeded four millions, but then their colonies and countries, held tributary in Europe and Asia, amounted to many millions more."

THE LAW OF INCREASE.

AN EASTERN STORY.

There went a man from home; and to his neighbors twain
He gave, to keep for him, two sacks of golden grain.
Deep in his cellar, one the precious charge concealed;
And forth the other went, and strewed it in his field.
The man returns at last—asks of the first his sack:
"Here, take it—'tis the same—thou hast it safely back."
Unharmed it looks without, but when he would explore
His sack's recesses, corn there finds he now no more.
One-half of what was there proves rotten and decayed;
Upon the other half have worms and mildew preyed.
The putrid heap in ire to him he doth return:
Then of the other asks, "Where is my sack of corn?"
He answered, "Come with me, and see how it has sped;"
And took and showed him fields with waving harvests spread.
Then cheerfully the man laughed out, and cried, "This one
Had insight to make up for the other, that had none:
The letter *ha* observed, but thou the *precept's sense;*
And thus to thee and me shall profit grow from hence.
In harvest, thou shalt fill two sacks of corn for me—
The residue in right remains in full to thee."

A MODERN LEGEND.—The following is freely translated from *Les Femmes*, by Alphonse Karr, a book worth while learning French to read: "I called the other day upon a pretty woman, whom I found in a state of melancholy. 'I feel quite sad,' she said. 'I had been reading some fairy tales yesterday, and I dreamt, all last night, of those delightful godmothers who overwhelm you with precious gifts—such as Prince Lutin's cap of roses, which made him invisible—Prince Loulin's ring, which made him so charming that no woman could resist him; and I awoke quite discouraged to find myself once more fallen into the prose of actual life.' 'I see,' was my reply, 'you have not your eyes sufficiently about you. The prodigies you speak of are constantly being reproduced in our own time. You have only to tell the people who come to see you that you are niece, cousin, or goddaughter to a man in high office, and you will soon see how much beauty and wit the discovery will immediately add to the stock of those gifts you already possess; you will see how much admiration and flattery will be lavished upon you. And, unlike the girls in the fairy tales, you will have no occasion to be really the goddaughter—to say that you are, will be sufficient. I know a man who is a brute and a clown by birth and education; clumsily made, and as great a fool as it is possible to be. Well! when this fellow puts on his finger a certain ring, decorated with a large pebble, of the species they call diamond—he becomes witty, well-bred, handsome, and an amusing companion—at least, people regard him as such. Whenever I wish to make myself invisible, I have a certain old hat, rusty and napless, which I put on as Prince Lutin put on his cap of roses. To this I add a certain seedy *paletot*. Lo, and behold! I become immediately invisible. Not a being in the town sees, recognizes, or speaks to me!'"

THE NAKED EDGE.—I am tormented with the desire of preaching better than I can. But I have no wish to make fine, pretty sermons; prettiness is well enough when prettiness is in its place. I like to see a pretty child, a pretty flower, but in a sermon, prettiness is out of place. To my ear it would be anything but a commendation, should it be said to me, "You have given us a pretty sermon." If I were upon trial for my life, and my advocate should amuse the jury with his tropes and figures, burying his argument beneath a profusion of the powers of rhetoric, I would say to him, "Tut, man, you care more for your vanity than for my hanging. Put yourself in my place—speak in view of the gallows, and you will tell your story plainly and earnestly." I have no objection to a lady's winding a sword with ribbons and studding it with roses, when she presents it to her lover; but in the day of battle he will tear away the ornaments, and use the naked edge on the enemy.—*Robert Hall.*

A RUSSIAN POET.—Fifteen years ago, or thereabouts, Dmitrieff, a poet, was a Russian Minister for Home Affairs. He used to be greatly admired for his odes. An ode of his on the present coronation has just appeared. The Russians, who are qualified to judge, speak of this lyrical effusion, from the pen of an author whom many had thought dead, as full of beauty and of fire. They add that, in Nicholas's time, it would not have passed the censorship. One stanza says in purport (but you must conceive the music of a verse which is described as highly felicitous, and which is Dmitrieff's forte)—"Your throne is lofty, but there are steps to it; it is lofty, that you may be able to see suffering afar, among your subjects; it has steps that your faithful people may approach you." This aged poet's ode has fairly beaten out of conversation all the usual verses of Court poets or courtier poets.—*Moscow Correspondent.*

THE FORTIETH WEDDING-DAY.

Again thou'rt come, and I am here,
With faded eye and locks of gray;
How changed the scenes of life appear,
On this, my fortieth wedding-day.

Was this the morn whose early hours
Woke fluttering with a troubled joy;
When all my footsteps were on flowers,
And hope alone my heart's employ!

And where are they, the young and fair,
Who graced that day with opening bloom?
I ask, and "echo answers where,"
Dear inmates of the silent tomb.

I see them now, the welcome throng,
That pressed around my bridal home;
The tale, the laugh, the merry song,
Like shadows o'er my senses come.

I see them round my toilette press,
And fold the plait, and smooth the hair,
And give the soothing, fond caress,
And kiss the brow they said was fair.

I hear the solemn promise given,
I feel the small ring's circle now,
The closing prayer ascends to Heaven,
And angel pens record the vow.

'Tis gone—'tis gone—the fading dream!
My hair is blanched, my eyes are dim;
I'm floating on life's closing stream,
But, (praised be God,) it leads to Him.

YOUNG ARABIA.

Lieut. Burton, in his Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah, gives a picture of Arab children which is rather more amusing that flattering. As "young America" may like to see how "young Arabia" looks, we copy a scene from the book, promising that among the Arabs, parents and full-grown men amuse themselves with grossly abusing children, almost as soon as they can speak, in order to excite their rage, and to judge of their dispositions. This supplies the infant population with a large stock-in-trade of ribaldry. They literally lisp in bad language. The traveller had but lately arrived at the Shaykh's house, in El Medinah, and was seated in the reception-room, when he was overwhelmed by an army of juvenile ruffians.

"They rushed in *en masse;* treading upon our toes, making the noise of a nursery of maddlings, pulling to pieces everything they could lay their hands upon, and using language that would have alarmed an old man-'o-war's-man. In fact, no one can conceive the plague but those who have studied the '*enfans terribles*' which India sends home in cargoes. One urchin, scarcely three years old, told me that his father had a sword at home with which he could cut my throat from ear to ear, suiting the action to the word, because I objected to his perching upon my wounded foot. By a few taunts, I made the little wretch almost mad with rage; he shook his infant fist at me, and then opening his enormous round black eyes to their utmost extent, he looked at me, and looked at me and licked his knee with portentous meaning. Shaykh Hamid, happening to come in at that moment, stood aghast at the doorway, hand on chin, to see the Effendi subject to such indignity, and it was not without much trouble that I saved the offender from summary nursery discipline. Another scamp caught up one of my loaded pistols, before I could snatch it out of his hand, and clapped it to his neighbor's head; fortunately, it was at half-cock, and the trigger was a stiff one. Then a serious and majestic boy, about six years old, with an ink-stand in his belt, in token of his receiving a literary education, seized my pipe, and began to smoke it with huge puffs. I ventured, laughingly, to institute a comparison between his person and the pipe-stick, when he threw it upon the ground, and stared at me fixedly with flaming eyes, and features distorted by anger. The cause of this 'boldness' soon appeared. The boys, instead of being well beaten, were scolded with fierce looks, a mode of punishment which only made them laugh. They had their redeeming points, however; they were manly, angry boys, who punched one another like Anglo-Saxons in the house, and abroad they are always fighting with sticks and stones, and they examined our weapons—before deigning to look at anything else—as if eighteen instead of five had been the general age."

Rather questionable "redeeming points," we should say.

THE AMERICAN FLOATING BALL WASHING MACHINE.—This machine, which attracted a good deal of deserved attention at the Paris Exhibition, where very many of its counterparts we purchased by the English, is now being manufactured to a great extent in this country, and a pot has been opened at Mr. Moore's, High H born, for the purpose of informing the public to the nature of its operations. We have clos inspected this machine, and seen it at work. number of wooden balls, more or less, accordi to the trough in which the clothes are to be was ed, are set in motion by a handle worked by lever, and which agitates an apparatus on which the linen is placed. This movement causes the balls to rub against each other, but only with sufficient percussion to pound the material to cleansed, and by their eccentric action imitate a nicety all the routine of a washerwoman's d ties. In this way clothes are washed far clean than by the ordinary method, and with singul rapidity. The threefold operations of poundin rubbing and squeezing are done at the same and as the floating balls offer only a limited sistance to each other, the finest fabrics are fre from that injury which is consequent upon ordinary course of proceeding. The wear is, moreover, much less; and not even a button h it is said, been known to be torn off by the thousands of the machines now in use throughout Europe and America. The consumption of soap is smaller, and no necessity for boiling is necessary, excepting in the case of extreme foulness. The hands of the operator, which may be a child, are never immersed in the water, and consequently there is no fear of that blistering, chapping and bleeding of the fingers attendant upon the poor washerwoman's pursuits. It seems to us an excellent labor-saving machine, and one the permanent character of which is alone to be estimated by the wear of the wood with which it is made.—*Mechanics' Magazine, Eng.*

SOCIETY OF WOMEN.—D'Israeli, speaking of the society of women, says, "It is an acquaintance which, when habitual, exercises a great influence over the tone of the mind, even if it does not produce any, more violent effects. It refines the taste, quickens the perception, and gives, as it were, a grace and flexibility to the intellect." Somewhere else the same writer remarks, that "men are as much stimulated to mental effort by the sympathy of the gentler sex, as by the desire of power and fame. Women are more disposed to appreciate worth and intellectual superiority than men, or at least, they are as often captivated by the noble manifestations of genius, as by the fascinations of manners and the charms of person." And Sydney Smith is equally clear when he says that "among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering on enthusiasm."

YOU REMEMBER THE MAID.

[The following poem, by T. K. Hervey, is supposed to refer to the melancholy fate of Miss Letitia E. Landon, the poetess.]

You remember the maid with her dark brown hair,
And her brow where the finger of beauty
Had written her name, and had stamped it there,
Till it made admiration a duty?
And you have not forgot how we watched with delight
Each charm, as a new one was given,
Till she grew in our eyes a vision of light,
And we thought her an angel from Heaven!

And your heart can recall—and mine often goes back
With a sigh and a tear, to the hours
When we gazed on her form, as she followed the track
Of the butterfly's wing through the flowers—
When, in her young joy, she would smile with delight
On its plumage of mingling dyes,
Till she let it go free—and looked after its flight,
To see if it entered the skies!

But she wandered away from the home of her youth,
One spring ere the roses had blown!
For she fancied the world was a temple of truth,
And she measured all hearts by her own!
She fed on a vision and lived on a dream,
And she followed it over the wave;
And she sought—where the moon has a milder gleam,
For a home—and they gave her a grave!

There was one whom she loved—though she breathed it in sighs,
For love of her soul was a part—
And he said he loved her, but he left her alone,
With the worm of despair in her heart!
And oh! with what anguish we counted each day
The roses that died on her cheek,
And hung o'er her form as it faded away,
And wept for the beautiful wreck!

Yet her eye was as mild and as blue to the last,
Though shadows stole over its beam;
And her smiles are remembered, since long they are past—
Like the smiles we have seen in a dream!
And—it may be that fancy had woven a spell,
But—I think, though her tones were as clear,
They were somewhat more soft, and their murmurings fell
Like a dirge on the listening ear!

And while sorrow threw round her a holier grace,
Though she always was gentle and kind—
Yet, I think that the softness which stole o'er her face
Had a softening power o'er the mind:
But it might be, her looks and her tones were more dear,
And we valued them more in decay,
As we treasure the fast fading flower of the year—
For we felt she was passing away!

She never complained—but she loved to the last!
And the tear in her beautiful eye
Often told that her thoughts were gone back to the past,
And the youth who had left her to die!
But mercy came down, and the maid is at rest,
Where the palm tree sighs o'er her at even;
And the dew that weeps over the turf on her breast,
Is the tear of a far foreign heaven!

A BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

A celebrated wit once said he had found out a patent "slip button," so that when a bore laid hold of him, and was detaining him with a long story, he had only to slip the button, leaving it in the bore's fingers, and make his escape. The contrivance was an ingenious and valuable one, and had the inventor, as he threatened, taken out a patent, many would doubtless have adopted the useful article.

There are occasions, however, when a slip button is more necessary than even in the case above referred; and, in illustration of my meaning, allow me to recite the following adventure:

Some years ago, when I was a single man, and dreaming (as some single men do) of double bliss some day destined to arrive, I went to a concert at the Town Hall of ———. Music is, poetically and proverbially, "the food of love," and in my sentimental state I consumed a good deal of it; not that I had any object in view. Mine was abstract love; I cultivated it, I increased my stock, so that I might have a good deal of the tender passion in hand, whenever I saw an eligible opportunity of investing it. Well, to return to the concert; it was crowded to excess, and the rush, on leaving, to reach flys and carriages, was very great. I wore on that memorable night a blue coat with brass buttons, and I flattered myself there were worse looking men in the room. I tell you candidly I admired myself, and next to myself, the other party I was most struck with was a fine girl, with dark eyes and black hair, who sat with some friends a few forms distant. I hoped she noticed me and my blue coat, with brass buttons. I looked at her often enough to attract her attention to both; and being, as my friends would say, in rather a *spoony* state, worked myself into a towering passion—*of love*. But, how was I to come at the object of my admiration, for I was as diffident as devoted—"as shy as I was vain," as an over-candid friend once said. "God save the Queen," which concluded the concert, surprised me, as unprepared as on my first glance to "improve occasion," and the company were shoaling out, while I stood mutely gazing after the object of my love at first sight. She and her party eddied for a while by the inner door of the concert-room, and were then drawn out into the retiring current, and lost to sight.

I followed quickly after, lest I should lose forever all opportunity of identifying my idol; but, alas! the lights in the outer corridor were so few and far between, that "no glimpse of my star could I get." I pushed and elbowed fiercely through the crowd, with a view of getting to the outer door before my fair one's party had emerged, and thus gaining once more a sight of my sweetling.

"Hang it!" I muttered, impatiently, as I felt a tug at my coat-skirt, and was instantly conscious of one of my hind buttons having hitched to some lady's dress, my progress was suddenly arrested. "How provoking," thought I, as I was brought to a stand, for I could not push on without losing a button or tearing a dress; "how provoking the modern fashions; a lady now has as many hoops, as many tentacles about her apparel as a sea anemone." It was with some irritation I stopped to undo the button, but my hurry made the task the more difficult, and instead of undoing, I only bungled and more twisted the loop round the button.

"Please to let me try," said the lady herself, as I bungled over the business; she ungloved her hand—it was a sweet white hand; so I looked at her face. Stars and gaiters! but it was the very fair one, black hair and dark eyes I was in pursuit of. As she stooped over the entangled button, a slight flush tinted her cheek. Oh, it was delicious. I hoped she never would undo the loop; and, indeed, she would not, for her fingers were twitching nervously, and my heart was beating audibly. I tried to help her; our fingers met.

"Please to make way there," shouted some gruff voice behind. We were blocking up the passage; was there ever such an unlucky spot for so lucky an entanglement!

"You hinder the people from going out, Amie," exclaimed one of her companions with some asperity; "plague upon the tiresome loop, break it!" and suiting the action to the word, the speaker leaned forward, caught the sleeve of her beautiful friend's dress in one hand, and my coat tail in the other, and giving a quick and decided tug, severed us. The crowd behind bore on, and we were separated; not, however, before I gave my "star" a look which I intended to speak volumes. I thought she did not seem unconscious of my meaning—our eyes met, I know, and this was the only consolation left me, for immediately afterwards I lost her and her party to view in the darkness outside.

Cruel fate! That night I hardly closed my eyes, thinking of my "bright particular star," and what means I should employ to find her out. I knew little of the town, which was a large one, and to expect to learn the name of my fair one by a mere description was hopeless, there doubtless must be a great many with dark eyes and black hair within the "bills of mortality" there, as elsewhere. After breakfast next day I sallied forth from my hotel, and walked the town in hope of seeing her, but no trace of the lovely one could I find, though I started off in pursuit of many a "singular figure" in the streets, only to discover on my overtaking each object of my pursuit, that she was not the one I longed to see.

My love fit grew more and more violent in the course of the day; but tired out at length with my search, I returned to the hotel, and took out my dress-coat from my portmanteau to feed my flame even with the contemplation of the inanimate button that had detained the "black-eyed divinity" so long. It was with no little delight I now discovered what did not before catch my eye; a fragment of the silk loop of her dress still adhered to the button, twisted round the shank. I pressed it to my lips; it was lilac in color—and stooped to gently disentangle it from the bit of brass as gently as though it were a tress of my loved one's hair, when something clinked in the skirt pocket. I supposed I had left some money there, for in my perturbation and excitement I omitted to search the coat on taking it off the night before. I thrust my hand into the pocket. Gracious me! What did I behold, what did I take out—a gold chain bracelet!

You could have "brained me with my lady's fan." I saw at a glance how matters stood—in the excitement and flurry of undoing the loop from my button, the lady had undone the clasp of her own bracelet, which had not unnaturally fell into the coat-skirt with which she was engaged, and doubtless, on missing it, instead of regarding me in a romantic light, she put it down that I was one of the swell mob, and had purposely entangled myself in her dress to rob her of her jewelry.

Here was an antic-heroic position to find oneself in, when I wished to be considered the most devoted of knights, to be remembered only as the most expert of pickpockets! Was ever an honest lover in such a plight, and to make it worse, I could not see how I was to escape from this inevitable dilemma. I must go down to the grave, remembered only in that dear one's mind as the nefarious purloiner of her bracelet. To find her out was impossible; but a bright idea struck me, as my eye lighted on a newspaper lying on the coffee-room table. I rang the bell, and inquired of the waiter when the local paper was published. "To-morrow, sir," he answered. I sat down and wrote an advertisement; it was in the following words:—

"If the lady, whose dress got entangled in a gentleman's coat button, in leaving the concert last Wednesday, will call at or send to the Arch's Head Hotel, she will hear something to her advantage."

There, I thought, as I gave the advertisement to the waiter, and five shillings to pay for its insertion in the Sentinel—there, if that will not give me a clue to escape from a very unpleasant dilemma, and at the same time to know who my enchanter is, the fates must indeed be very unpropitious.

My plans being thus so far adopted, I ordered dinner, and waited patiently, or rather impatiently, the appearance of the newspaper next morning. It was brought up to my room damp from the press, and then I read, in all the glory of large type, my interesting announcement. But, my stars! with what an advertisement was it followed, in the very same column. I only wonder my hair did not stand on end, as I read as follows:

"£2 Reward.

"Lost, or stolen, on the night of the concert, at the Town Hall, a Gold Chain Bracelet. It is thought to have been taken from the lady's arm by a pickpocket, of gentlemanly appearance, who wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and kept near the lady on her leaving the hall.

"Any one giving such information as will lead to the recovery of the bracelet, or the capture of the thief, (if it was stolen,) will receive the above reward, on applying to 7 Cambridge Parade."

Here was a pretty plight—to be advertised in the public papers as a pickpocket, when my only crime was like Othello's, that of

"Loving, not wisely, but too well."

My determination, however, was quickly adopted. I went up stairs, put on the very identical delinquent blue coat, so accurately described, and, taking the paper in my hand, proceeded to 7 Cambridge Parade.

I knocked at the door, and asked the servant, who answered, the name of the family. Having heard it, I said—"Is Miss A——— in?"

"Yes, sir," replied the servant-woman, "who shall I say wants her?"

"Tell her," I replied, "that the pickpocket, with a gentlemanly address, and blue coat, with brass buttons, who stole her bracelet, is here and wishes to return it to her."

The woman stared at me as though I were mad, but on repeating my request to her, she went in and delivered my message.

Soon there came out, not my fair one,

With all that's best of dark and bright,
Meeting in aspect and in eyes,

but a stalwart brother.

"That," I said, handing him the bracelet, "is Miss A———'s property; and though, as you perceive, I wear a blue coat, with brass buttons, and am flattered to think my manners are not ungentlemanly, I am bound in candor to say I am not a pickpocket."

"Then, sir, you shall have the reward," said the brother, taking out his purse.

"No," I replied, "for strange as it may appear, though I am no pickpocket, I stole the lady's bracelet."

The man looked puzzled; but when I told the truth, and pointed to my advertisement in the same paper, as a proof I did not want to walk off with the property, he laughed heartily at the whole story, and not the least at his sister's description of the gentlemanly pickpocket.

"Well," he said, "you had better walk in and have tea with us, and my sister will be able to say whether she can speak to your identity, after which it will be time enough to canvass the propriety of sending for a constable."

You may be sure I accepted his invitation. Need I go further with the story. The young lady (to use the words of the advertisement) captured the pickpocket herself, and received the reward, such reward being the said pickpocket. The bachelor's button no longer adorns my blue coat, and I now have framed and glazed over the fireplace, the advertisement, in which I am publicly described by my own wife, as "a pickpocket, with a gentlemanly address." When I charge her with the libel, she always does what she has just this moment done, pay damages for the slander in any amount of kisses, declaring, though not a pickpocket, I was a thief, and stole her heart and pocketed her bracelet.

So ends the story of "The Bachelor's Button."

MOUNT ARARAT.

THE UNLUCKY TRIMMER.

AN ANECDOTE OF MODERN HUNGARY.

In Hungary, towards the close of 1848, war was the only theme in vogue. In Pesth, the word "peace" was quite out of fashion. The hotels were filled with guests who met for the purpose of discussing the favorite topic—martial music was heard from morning till night—the European war was preparing. Two personages were sitting together before a small table at the hotel Nagy Pipa, to whom the German saying might have been applied—"Der eine schweight, den andere hort zu" (One keeps silence, the other listens to him); for one of these two personages seemed attentively considering the probable or possible cause of his companion's silence, casting from time to time a scrutinising look on his countenance, intended to penetrate whatever dark object might be passing within. This observant individual was no other than the humane Master Janos, police-corporal and vice-jailor of the noble city of Pesth; and when we inform our readers that he occupied this post during Metternich's time, and that notwithstanding that minister's overthrow, he still retained his position—unlike the usual fate of the adherents of a fallen system they will surely admit that the favorite of fortune could not be better personified than by the same Master Janos. Nor can it be denied that the individual opposite was as much persecuted by the fickle goddess as the other was favored. This was obvious, not only from the fact that he was at that moment the object of Master Janos's suspicious glances, but that he was in that locality at all—that a nailsmith's apprentice from Vienna had wandered into Hungary, of all places on earth—a country where the craft is carried on wholesale at the corner of every village by the Wallachian gipsies.

Master Janos had not studied Lavater; but long experience had led him to conclude, after minute examination of the man's countenance, that some counter-revolutionary scheme was turning his head; consequently he drew his chair nearer; and proceeded to break the silence.

"Where do you come from, sir, if I may presume to ask?" he inquired, with a wily glance at his companion.

"Hyay! from Vienna," sighed the stranger, looking into the bottom of his glass.

"And what news from that city?"

"Hyay! nothing good."

"Eh, what?—nothing good? What bad then?"

"Hyay? war is feared."

"Feared! what audacity! How dare they fear?"

"Hyay! I do not fear, sir, at thirty leagues' distance; but once I heard from the cellar how they were bombarding the streets, and I found nothing very agreeable in it."

Master Janos found increased reason for suspicion; he resolved to make the man drink, expecting to come by this means upon the traces of some dangerous plot.

How much does a nailsmith's stomach require? At the second pitcher, his head sunk slowly back, and his tongue moved with difficulty.

"Now for it," thought Master Janos, filling his glass. "Eljen—liberty!" he exclaimed, waiting for the nailsmith to strike glasses.

The latter was not long in responding to the invitation, and echoed the word "Eljen!" as well as his thickening tongue permitted.

"Now it is your turn to give a toast," said the vice-jailor, eyeing his victim.

"Indeed, I am not used to give toasts, sir; I only drink them."

"Come, be social; drink to anybody you consider the greatest man in the world."

"In the whole world?" replied the nailsmith, reflecting that the world was very large, and that he knew very little about it.

"Yes, in the world," pursued Master Janos, confidently.

The nailsmith hesitated, scratched his nose, scratched his ears, scratched his whole head, and finally cried out: "Success to Master Slimak!" The vice-jailor shuddered at this public demonstration. What could Master Slimak be but some low, plotting fellow? Without any further ado, he seized the nailsmith by the collar, and escorted him to the town-hall, dragged him into a narrow, ominous-looking chamber, before a stout, red-faced gentleman.

"This man is a suspicious character," he exclaimed. In the first place, he has the audacity to fear war; in the next place, he sat from seven till half-past nine—two whole hours and a-half—without opening his lips; and, finally he was impious enough to give a public toast to a Master Slimak? who is probably quite as suspicious a character as himself."

"Who is this Slimak?" asked the stout, red-faced gentleman.

"Nobody, indeed," said the trembling Viennese, "but my former master, and honest nailsmith, whom I served four years, and would be serving still, had not his wife beaten me."

"Impossible?" ejaculated the red-faced personage. "It is not customary to give public toasts to such people."

"But I don't know what the customs are here."

"If you wished to give a toast, why did you not drink to constitutional liberty, to the Upper and Lower Danube armies, or to freedom of the press?"

"Hyay, sir, I could not learn all that in a month."

"But in three months, I dare say, you will be able to learn well enough. Master Janos, take that man into custody."

The humane Master Janos again seized the delinquent by the collar, and escorted him to the place appropriated to such malefactors, where he had time to consider why he was put there.

The three months passed slowly enough to the nailsmith. It was now the middle of March. Master Janos punctually released his prisoner; and the honest man determined to prove the reform in his sentiments, and thereby rise in Master Janos's opinion.

"Success to liberty and the Hungarian arms!" cried he. Master Janos stumbled against the wall in speechless horror; and as soon as he recovered his equilibrium, he seized the astonished nailsmith, who, when he had regained his terrified senses, found himself again in the narrow, ominous looking chamber; but now, instead of the stout red-faced gentleman, he stood before a lean black one, who, when he understood the charge against the prisoner, without permitting any explanation, condemned him to three months' imprisonment, informing him that henceforth, unless he wished to fare worse, he must exclaim, "Success to the imperial armies, the great constitution, and the one and powerful Austria!" And the nailsmith, having made three steps beyond his prison door, was brought back to renew his captivity, and to ponder over his strange fate.

The three months again passed, and it was some time in June that Master Janos released his captive. The poor man, even at his prison door, began to bawl out redeeming words, "Long live Prince Windischgratz! Success to glorious Austria!" cried he. Master Janos laid his hand upon his sword, as if to protect himself from this incorrigible man.

"What!" demanded he, "was it not enough to imprison you twice? Have you not learned what to say? Step in here;" and for the third time there was the narrow chamber, but, instead of the meagre black gentleman, it was again the red-faced individual before whom our victim appeared to answer for his oft-repeated crime.

"Obstinate traitor!" he exclaimed, "are you aware of the extent of your offence; and that if I did not condemn you, as I mercifully do now, to an imprisonment of three months on my own responsibility, you must be given up to justice, and would probably be cut into four quarters, as you deserve?" The unhappy man could not do otherwise than rejoice, in his extreme terror, at the mildness of the sentence.

"What should I have said?" he asked of his lenient judge, in a voice of despair.

"What should you have said? Why, success to the republic! success to democracy! success to revolution!" The poor fellow promised faithfully to remember these things, and resigned himself patiently to the new lease granted him of his dark abode.

During the ensuing three months everything had changed, except the good fortune of Master Janos; neither time nor chance could succeed in displacing him, as they had so many others. He was still vice-jailor of the noble city of Pesth. It was now September, the nailsmith's penalty was out, and Master Janos called him forth. The prisoner's countenance expressed something unusually important; and no sooner did the jailor approach, than, seizing his hand, he burst into tears.

"Oh, Master Janos!" said he, sobbing, "tell the gentleman that I humbly kiss his hand, and wish, from the bottom of my heart, success to the republic!"

As the hungry wolf pounces on the lamb, so once more did Janos seize the nailsmith by the ill-used collar; and, indeed so shocked was the worthy jailor, that after dragging the prisoner into a narrow, ominous-looking room, it was some time ere he could explain the circumstances to the lean black gentleman, who once more occupied the place of the fat, red-faced one; and great was his surprise when this individual, instead of sentencing the delinquent to be broken on the wheel, merely awarded him three months' more incarceration.

On the 3rd of November, 1849, all who had been imprisoned for slight political offences were released from confinement; among others the nailsmith. As Master Janos opened the door, the unfortunate man stopped his mouth with his handkerchief, giving the humane jailor to know by this pantomime that he would henceforth keep his demonstrations to himself.

What Esau's Mess of Pottage was Made Of.—"Beyond the fish-market," says the author of *A Journey in the East*, "was the market for fruit and vegetables, in which an Arab woman was crying her wares with the very tone, voice and air of one of the cries which I have heard and seen a hundred or a thousand times from one of her class in London. The resemblance was so complete that I was carried back to England by it in a moment. Among the vegetables there were abundance of lentiles, the esculent which Heredotus says formed the principal food of the laborers who built the Pyramids, and of which also the red pottage was made for which Esau sold his birthright. I have more than once tasted this pottage of lentiles since my coming here, and though my opinion does not stand high in such matters, I can pronounce it excellent."

ASCENT OF MOUNT ARARAT.

[See Engraving.]

No mountain has a name so famous as Ararat. To the Jewish and the Christian races it is a type and a symbol, the second birthplace of humanity. There rested the ark; thither flew the dove with the olive branch. And to this hour, reared in stupendous bulk at a point where three empires meet—Russia, Persia, and Turkey—it is an object of pilgrimage and wonder.

The great ridge crowned by Ararat rises from a plain about three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Great Ararat, on the north west, and little Ararat, on the south-east, stand, like giants of the hills, about seven miles apart, with an elevated table land between. The loftiest summit is 17,320 feet above the sea level, and 14,300 feet above that of the Araxes, an important river of Armenia, while the principal cone is not less than 6,000 feet in height. Its outline is more smooth and domelike than that of the Alps, but the effect is very majestic, upwards of 3,000 feet in vertical, or a sloping ascent of three miles, being covered with eternal snow, ice, and glaciers, forming what is called the Silver Crest of Ararat. There is a second summit, a little lower, at a distance of about 400 yards, joined to the highest by a flat depression.

On the north side the mountain is deeply cut by a vast chasm, ascending almost to the summit, and so black and gloomy that it can be distinguished from the bright slopes adjoining at a distance of more than thirty miles. In a valley upon the plain, near this dreary rift, was once situated the village of Arguri, upwards of 5,000 feet above the plain, with nearly two thousand inhabitants. Considerably above it, on a lawn-like terrace, stood an ancient monastery. Fifteen years have passed since monastery and village disappeared. Mount Ararat was convulsed to its foundation by an earthquake, which caused the whole plain of Armenia to tremble. Prodigious masses of ice and snow, earth and rock, shaken from the dim and distant summits, came thundering down, sweeping away the monastery, burying the village, with nearly all the villagers, and swallowing up a tribe of poor wandering Kurds who had pitched their tents near at hand. All at once the bosom of the mountain seemed to be rent, as by some great agony of nature, and rivers of water came down like a deluge, sweeping away the ruins, and bursting upon the plain in a flood eighty feet deep and seven miles wide. Only the common hare dwells upon these formidable slopes, though many a beautiful bird finds its habitation among the poplars and willows and walnut trees of Ararat, which flourish at an elevation of 6,000 feet, stunted birches 1,800 feet high, and a few glittering wild flowers 10,000 feet above the sea.

Among the credulous nations of the East it has been believed that human beings were divinely prohibited from attempting to scale the frozen heights of Ararat. Even in Europe the ascent was long regarded as impossible, though we believe that the recent successful expedition of Major Stuart and his friends was not the first. Professor Parrot, of Dorpat, ascended, if we mistake not, to the summit in October, 1829; and M. Abich, the Russian traveller, is said to have performed the same feat without much difficulty in January, 1845. He certainly reached within 1,200 feet from the top, but his complete ascent is disputed.

However, on the 11th of last July, Major Alick Fraser, Major Robert Stuart, the Rev. W. Thursby, Mr. J. Theobold, and Mr. J. Evans, started from Bayazid, in Turkish Armenia, ten miles from Ararat, with the design of ascending the mountain. They had with them two servants and an Ottoman officer, were recommended to the protection of the Kurds, and being provided with stout poles, hooked at one end and pointed with iron at the other, had little to apprehend from robbers, or from the difficulties of the route.

Crossing the plain, they began the ascent through a ravine sloping upwards, and walled on both sides with vast ridges of volcanic rock. For three hours the route lay through similar defiles, occasionally varied by bright little table lands, on which were corn and barley, rustling and ripe, to tempt the sure-footed little horses as they picked their way along. They were now about 8,000 feet above the sea, and a welcome sight presented itself. There was an open pasture, dotted with tents of black goat's hair, and Kurdish chiefs and shepherds were at their doors, with ready hospitality inviting the strangers in. A floor, covered with brilliant carpets, a fat sheep roasted, milk, and pure spring water, formed a pleasant change from the long tramp over a rising rocky ground, and the party spent the night in this home of pastoral simplicity.

Next morning all were early on foot, but Mr. Thursby had broken down, and was too ill to proceed. Honor be to him, however, that he made the attempt. It would have been madness for any one not in good health to have climbed the next stage on that day. Even the others separated. Major Fraser, not being accustomed to snow, turned off to the southeast, that he might keep to a line of rocks; while Major Stuart, with his two companions, advanced along the frozen slopes straight on. Major Stuart says:—

"To my two friends, who are experienced Alpine climbers, this was easy work, but it soon began to tell unfavorably on my unaccustomed limbs. For a time we kept pretty well together; by degrees, however, Mr. Theobold began to forge ahead, followed by Mr. Evans, while I brought up the rear as well as I could. But my strength was fast giving way, and when about half way up the cone I found myself utterly unable to proceed any further. Accordingly, there being no alternative but to descend, I sat on the snow and shot down with the velocity of an arrow, undoing in a few minutes the laborious toil of nearly three hours. This was a keen disappointment, amply repaid to me, however, as will appear by-and-bye.

"At the foot of the cone I found Issak Boy, who with a couple of his people had come out to watch our progress. He looked on my failure as a matter of course, and seemed to think the others, too, must soon give in; but no, up they went higher and higher, his interest and surprise keeping pace with their ascent."

There he stayed, watching his more successful friends, the keen, naked eye of the Turkish chief following their movements as accurately as Major Stuart could follow them with his telescope. In about eleven hours from the time of starting, Mr. Theobold had toiled up to the hoary pinnacle of Ararat. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the barbaric patriarch. "In the name of the Merciful!" he exclaimed, "God is great! What wonderful people these English are! a few of them come here, and without any difficulty walk to the top of that holy mountain, a thing that never was done by man before. Wonderful! wonderful!"

About an hour afterwards, Mr. Evans also reached the ascent, both returning by the same track, and reaching the tents at sunset. Meanwhile, Major Fraser, keeping to his path of stone, which led up about two-thirds of the way, was at last compelled to take to the snow, and, plodding patiently on, was much exhilarated by perceiving that he was within a few hundred feet of the summit. Here, in attempting (says the narrator) to cross over to what appeared a more practicable line, he stepped on some thinly covered ice, and, losing all control over himself, shot down, with fearful velocity, now head, now feet foremost, over a space of about a thousand feet. By extraordinary exertions and presence of mind he succeeded, at length, in arresting his formidable progress, and, gaining his feet, determined to start again. By dint of immense labor the summit was reached about half-past three, three full hours having been lost by the accident. Major Fraser was careful to search out the traces of his predecessor's path, and to return by the way that had been chosen by Messrs. Theobold and Evans.

Upon the third day, Major Stuart and Mr. Thursby—the one not daunted by his mishap, or the other by his indisposition—determined to perform their part in the expedition. They started at two in the afternoon, two Kurds accompanying them with rugs, great-coats, and a small supply of provisions, but a third of the way up they were obliged to dismiss these attendants, who, from religious scruples, refused to proceed further, or to pass the night on the mountain. The Englishmen, therefore, proceeded alone over a rocky surface, from which the wind had blown away the snow, and encamped about half way up, with a pile of stones to shelter them, rugs enveloping their bodies, and a hearty dinner to prepare them for sleep. Says Major Stuart, "We saw the sun set in indescribable glory, throwing the shadow of the vast mountain far away over Georgia and Aperbijan, and even darkening the distant haze of the Eastern horizon."

After a short night's rest, they travelled on at dawn, and saw sunrise from the top of Ararat lighting up at once vast tracts of the Persian, Turkish, and Russian empires. By nine o'clock they had reached the highest peak, stuck a sword up to the hilt in the snow as a memorial, and drank a loyal toast in brandy. The summit is nearly level, and of a triangular shape, about three hundred feet one way, and two hundred feet the other. The snow is as fine and as dry as powder.

Thus was accomplished the perilous ascent of Mount Ararat, by some considered unprecedented.

Prussian Bridal Anecdotes.—A correspondent of the Manchester Guardian sends some bridal anecdotes from Berlin: "It is said care will be taken this evening to prevent any recurrence of the curious incident which disturbed the repose of the last illustrious couple, Princess Anna and Prince Frederick of Hesse, who were last married here. This shall be told. In the dead of the night the curtains were drawn back, not by the white lady, but by a gentleman in green. This individual having gazed awhile on the illustrious couple, retreated; but having been pursued by the Prince, and assistance having arrived, he was seized, and proved to be one of the men, with sub-lieutenant's rank, belonging to the corps of mounted Field-jager, (employed in war time as military head-quarter messengers.) He maintained silence during three or four days to the motives of his intrusion, but at length confessed that he had been persuaded by his comrades that it was not court etiquette for newly married royal personages to occupy the same chamber on their marriage night, but that the bride of some other person belonging to the royal household was always selected as the *locum tenens* of the princess, and further, he had been told that his betrothed bride had been appointed to this honor. His object in entering the nuptial chamber unarmed was, therefore, to assure himself of the truth or falsehood of these assertions. His comrades having admitted that they had passed this joke on the young man, he was liberated, and sent to his home at Neufchatel."

The following anecdote is added: "At the same marriage the ladies of the diplomatic corps were greatly offended at receiving orders from the conductor of ceremonies to drop their trains on entering the White Hall, in compliment to their majesties and the princely personages standing upon either side of the dais, during the *defile* immediately after the benediction. The ladies asserted that this dropping of trains was a compliment to be reserved for their majesties solely, and that it was completely *infra dignitate* to accord this compliment to the whole small fry who might be clustered in the rank and file to the right and left of the two regal personages. In short, the ladies rebelled, and threatened not to appear again if this point of etiquette was not settled; so, after considerable negotiation, they came off victorious, and will this evening keep their trains resting on their right arms, until within a pace or two of the King and Queen, and then gather them up immediately after passing."

New Anecdote of Washington.—We find in "Collins' Historical Sketches of Kentucky," the following little-known anecdote of Washington:

"Col. Devall Payne was the son of William Payne, whose parental ancestor accompanied Lord Fairfax from England when he came over to colonize his grant in Virginia. At the time Gen. Washington was stationed in Alexandria as a colonel of a British regiment, before the war of the Revolution, an altercation took place in the court-house yard between him and William Payne, in which Payne knocked Washington down. Great excitement prevailed, as Payne was known to be firm, and stood high, and Washington was beloved by all. A night's recollection, however, satisfied Washington that he was the aggressor, and in the wrong, and in the morning, like a true and magnanimous hero, he sought an interview with Payne, which resulted in an apology from Washington, and a warm and lasting friendship between the two, founded on mutual esteem. During the revolutionary war, while Washington was on a visit to his family, Mr. Payne, with his son Duvall, went to pay his respects to the great American chief. Washington met him at some distance from the house, took him by the hand, and led him into the presence of Mrs. Washington, to whom he introduced Payne as follows: "My dear, here is the little man whom you have so frequently heard me speak of, who once had the courage to knock me down in the court-yard at Alexandria, *big as I am!*"

The Scriptural Forty.—In Eastern nations the word "forty" is usually used as an indefinite number, a species of hyperbole not unlike that used in the English tongue, when a person says he has seen or done a thing a million times. In the Scriptures this word is used in this sense, and we have an explanation of the cause of its seemingly mysterious recurrence. Its true signification is "many." In the Arabian Nights' Entertainments" the word is also used, and the story of the "Forty Thieves" gains its title in the same way. An indefinite number of thieves was intended to be expressed by the author. A very learned dissertation on this subject was published in the "Oxford Magazine" about twenty years ago, and was received by scholars as a complete and decisive essay on the subject.

Revolutionary Men and Reminiscences.

A correspondent of the Petersburgh Express, writing from "near Lootown, Jefferson county, Virginia," sends that paper an interesting letter, about Revolutionary men and reminiscences, from which we make the following extract:—

In the immediate vicinity of the spot from which I address you these lines, are the dilapidated and antique residences of three distinguished Major-Generals of the American Revolution. Within a radius of one mile and a half lived, long and weary years, Charles Lee, the sinister hero of Monmouth; Horatio Gates, the loser of the battle of Camden and the Southern campaign; and Adam Stephen, the early friend of Washington. In this little village—on whose golden forests I am gazing—under the shadows of the great woods here—remote from camps and the flashing world, these three warriors rusted out the remainder of their lives in inglorious repose, their swords in moth-eaten scabbards, no more to be drawn. Here, if I mistake not, two of them died, and soon even these lingering memorials of them will crumble and disappear, as their figures are fading from the general mind!

Lee's house is a hundred paces from the little assemblage of houses called by his name, and is an oblong building of stone, with chimneys at each end and midway—low, with a rude porch, depending, as it were, above the rough door, and with few out houses. Gates lived somewhat further from the town, in a plain, undecorated building; and Stephen occupied a mansion probably built by the earliest pioneers of the valley, in which everything is small and confined but the fire-place. But that is neither small or confined. It is grand—enormous! Around it how many good companions must have gathered in the olden day, and what sounds of revelry shook the rafters overhead! You may read of Adam Stephen in Sparks' edition of the Writings of Washington; and there you will find that among the hardy gentlemen who stood shoulder to shoulder with the young chief at Winchester, when the Indians ravaged the valley a hundred years ago, was Lieutenant Stephen. A large landed proprietor hereabouts, he doubtless resented the trespass of the Indians upon his grounds, stretching towards the foot of the great North Mountain—at least, we know that he did good service. He was afterwards an effective officer of the Revolutionary struggle, but left the army about the period of the battle of Princeton, disgusted at something or other—and so came home, and lived and died.

Of Gates and Lee, more is known; the story of the woful quarrel of the latter with Washington at Monmouth, you may read in full in the recently published third volume of Irving's great work. It is probable that history will finally show that Lee was not so much in the wrong as the world supposes. That he made a blunder in ordering his forces to retreat—and that this retreat very nearly turned all the plans of Washington, and lost us the battle—this is certain. But it was probably an error of judgment—not a want of courage. In Leutz's great picture, he sits his horse sullenly before the Chief, whose hot anger flames out—out—all that he did and said afterwards was sullen too, unfortunately. High words—indignant correspondence—Washington cold and haughty—Lee raging; then a court martial—suspension for a year—and Lee, in utter disgust, threw up his commission, and came hither "to hoe tobacco—that being the best school for a General," he said, with a sneer at Washington. And here in this poor and obscure dwelling, as I have said, rusted out the sharp spirit of Lee, and fell into dust and oblivion. With few neigbors—no friends; surrounded by hounds and horses, and making the chase his only occupation, nearly; thus lived the General and died. One day, long afterwards, says a tradition of the neighborhood, Washington sent his old adversary a note, saying that he would call on a certain morning and see him—that he hoped all past contention and bitterness had been forgotten—he was coming to see him as an old comrade in arms—as a friend.

On the day fixed for the visit, Lee sent away all his servants—placed upon the locked front door a paper with "No meat cooked here to-day," written thereon—and then followed his servants, leaving Washington to knock in vain. He never returned, and with the passing year the eccentric soldier grew more morose and repelling. The ground floor of his house was divided by chalk lines merely, forming thus four compartments. In the first he kept his books—in the second was his bed—his saddles and hunting gear in the third; the fourth was used for a kitchen. He could thus sit in one spot, he said with grim humor, and overlook his entire household. Tired of his dogs and his silent misanthropy at last he commenced his "Queries, Political and Military"—an attack on Washington. But the world declined listening to him, and then, tired of life, the cynical spirit of Charles Lee fled to other realms. His last words were—"Stand by me, my brave grenadiers!" and so he ended.

A word now of the third day of my triad of warriors. Horatio Gates came to the old house yonder after Camden. It was the Gates who had taken Burgoyne, and whose popularity at one time overshadowed Washington's. But now, alas! how fallen! The breath of an indignant public opinion had blasted him; and his laurels were all seared and withered. He had lost the battle of Camden—and been deposed from the command of the army of the South, to make way for Greene—over his head lowered a heavy cloud of public execration almost; and Congress, it was said, had prepared its thunderbolt to strike him. But the bolt never fell. The sad soldier's sorrow was respected. They left him to die in peace here—enough punishment that the magnificent drama of the Revolution was played out, independent of one who had enacted so splendid a part in the earlier acts.

These three old wooden houses are the visible remains of three vigorous lives—in them to the musing eye the spirits of Gates, and Lee, and Stephen hover around them still, speaking in every whisper of the pine trees and the oaks—those ancient oaks of the noble, English-looking "chase," which murmur yonder beneath the window—through whose lengthened vista appears the lone mansion of General Adam Stephen. Here, within a gun-shot almost of each other, these men of history reposed—though not happily, we must conclude—after all their struggles. The current of the Opequon, resonant in old days with savage shouts and dyed with blood, murmured by them; and perhaps spoke to their minds of other days—typifying human things which ever bud and flow; and change like the skies of Autumn yonder—the gorgeous leaves, whose colors vary with each day.

The Bessemer Process.—The Gatchead Observer says:—"Part of an ingot of iron, made by the Bessemer process, has this week been tried at a forge on the Tyne. It was placed, red-hot, under Nasmyth's hammer, and beaten. Instantly it flew in all directions, and one of the foremen, a conservative in his craft, triumphantly exclaimed to one of his employers, (no implicit believer in the new process,) 'Where is your fine iron now?'" At the ironmaster's meeting, in Staffordshire, the Staffordshire Advertiser says, "Mr. Bessemer's invention was a good deal discussed, but no very sanguine opinion was expressed with regard to its practical success in the present shape which the process assumes. An experiment recently made in Wolverhampton has proved that superior iron may be produced by this process without puddling, but as the result in other cases has been quite the reverse, it is doubted whether the process can be depended upon; but this, probably, if not yet secured, may be gained as the result of experience. The adaptation of every great discovery to practical purposes has always required repeated trials and patient attention to minor details."

Female Equestrianism.—At the Connecticut River Valley Exhibition, in Bradford, Vt., last week, eight ladies appeared to compete for the equestrian prizes, the highest of which, $15, was won by Miss Nelly Chase, of Keene, N. H., fourteen years old, who rode the Green Mountain Morgan around the track without saddle, and was immensely applauded. Before the start, Miss Kate Burbank, of Danville, Ct., was kicked on the leg by a white stallion, but she afterwards appeared on the field with her father, who made the horse kneel for her to mount, and she took the sixth prize, $10. Mrs. Oscar F. Baron, of Hartford, Conn., took a prize of $15 for the skill with which she drove a pair of bays. The trot for $100 was won by J. J. Bowen, of Bethel, with his roan mare; three mile heats, in 2.45, 2.41, 2.42.

Newspapers in Italy.—There appear at present in Italy 311 newspapers, partly political, partly scientific and artistic. They are distributed over the peninsula in the following way:—85 appear in Lombardy, 67 in Sardinia, 5 in Parma, and Modena, 38 in Tuscany, 30 in the Papal Dominions, and 66 in the Kingdom of both Sicilies.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Ohio.—The total vote in Ohio at the State election was 349,000. It was divided as follows:

Republican,	171,000
Democratic,	153,000
Fillmore,	25,000

In the Congressional District, composed of the counties of Tuscarawas, Holmes, Coshocton and Knox, the official returns foot up thus—Sapp, Republican, 9,143; Burns, Democrat, 9,194; Burns's majority 51.

Dear for the Whistle.—The Herald estimates the amount of money which George Law has paid to political "suckers" during the past year at $100,000! Of this sum it is said about $15,000 has gone to sustain a sheet, whose editor professed to "control the Herald." Since that journal has shown its independence by letting "the great contractor" slide down a long descending grade, Mr. Law has shut off the supplies. It is rumored that Mr. Law is preparing a political expose which will "astonish the natives," but will withhold it till after the election—*New York Mirror.*

New Jersey.—The Fillmore and Republican Executive Committees recently met at Trenton on the same day. In answer to an inquiry from the Republicans, the Fillmore Committee declined any union arrangement on the Electoral ticket.

New Mexico.—The election has resulted in a Democratic majority in both houses of the Territorial Legislature.

Col. Garland was about to leave for the States.

Philadelphia.—Fifty-six fraudulent naturalization papers are said to have been so far brought to light by the contested election of District Attorney. Some of them have a seal attached to them, which is evidently one made for the purpose. Others have the regular seals of the Court, and are yet not on the record in the archives of the Courts. Many of them seem to show that parties of no ordinary standing have been concerned in the forgery of them.

Important Discovery—The Detection of Murder.—A series of experiments have recently been made, says the Chicago Democratic Press, by Dr. Pollok, an oculist of Chicago, to test the truth of an article published some time since by a celebrated physician in England, which alleged that the last scene viewed by a dying man would remain impressed upon the retina as does the impression upon a daguerreotype plate. In each experiment that Dr. P. has made, he has found that an examination of the retina of an eye with a microscope reveals a wonderful as well as beautiful sight, and that in almost every instance there was a clear, distinct, and marked impression. We put these facts upon record, in the hope of awakening an interest in the subject, that others may be induced to enter upon these interesting experiments, and the cause of science advanced.

The recent examination of the eye of *J. H. Beardsley*, who was murdered in Auburn, conducted by Dr. Sandford, corresponds with those made elsewhere. The following is the published account of the examination:

"At first we suggested the saturation of the eye in a weak solution of atrophine, which evidently produced an enlarged state of the pupil. On observing this, we touched the end of the optic nerve with the extract, when the eye instantly became protuberant. We now applied a powerful lens, and discovered in the pupil the rude, worn-away figure of a man, with a light coat, beside whom was a round stone, standing or suspended in the air, with a small handle stuck as it were in the earth. The remainder was debris, evidently lost from the destruction of the optic, and its separation from the mother brain. Had we performed this operation when the eye was entire in the socket, with all its powerful connection with the brain, there is not the least doubt but that we should have detected the last idea and impression made on the mind and eye of the unfortunate man. The thing would evidently be entire; and perhaps we should have had the contour, or better still, the exact figure of the murderer. The last impression before death is always more terrible on the brain from fear than any other cause; and figures impressed on the pupil more distinct, which we attribute to the largeness of the optic nerve and its free communication with the brain."

The Splendors of the Quaker City.—What strikes me in Philadelphia is the multiplication of noble dwelling-houses recently built. There is no Fifth Avenue, nor is there in Europe any single street of such fine houses. But in this city the ample room for building to all points of the compass has prevented the supremacy of a single avenue for the splendors of private residences, or a single overcharged artery for business as it exists in New York. There are houses in Philadelphia as finely furnished as any palace in Europe, excepting the single article of certain pictures and antique statues—things that money will not purchase. Some of these houses are above fifty feet front—a few up to seventy feet. Every possible luxury which eminent wealth and travelled taste can evoke, stocks such establishments in this Quaker town. Gobelin tapestries through whole suits of rooms. Sevres wares of commanding value, statues, bronzes, paintings, plate, libraries—the facility to extemporise a dinner or supper of regal magnificence—all exist here in private houses, which have never yet been mentioned in a newspaper paragraph, much less wreathed into the iris-like idealities of imaginative literature. There are residences here and in the suburbs which are finer altogether than some of the royal palaces of Europe that I have visited, as regards furniture and the *dolce far niente* unutterables of jolly-cum-tumble comforts.—*W. H. Fry, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Epidemic Among Fish.—A curious phenomenon has just exhibited itself among the finny tribe in some of the rivers of Michigan. It is announced that during the past week, the shores of Grand River have been strewed with dead and dying fish of unusual size. The same epidemic prevails in the Shiawasse. This is the second time during the present season that the waters of these streams have been thus scourged. A few months ago every form of creeping thing known to that country was cast dead upon the banks, in great numbers. Lizards of enormous size and offensive appearance, were piled in heaps where they were thrown by the oddying current. Rats, snakes, and almost every species of scaly and slimy monster, shared a like fate. Now, however, the disease, or whatever it may be called, is confined to the fish, and is necessarily attracting much attention among men of science and others, as to the causes of such extraordinary mortality.

The Sugar Cane.—A letter from Stillwater, in the Territory of Minnesota, which we find published in the New Orleans Delta, says that a gentleman of the former city raised, during the past season, several sugar cane from seed planted in May, and that by the 15th of September they were ten feet high, and quite ripe. Another person near Winona, Minnesota, succeeded as well with a full acre of sugar cane, and intends to experiment on a large scale next season. The production of sugar in Minnesota would show it to be a crop capable of successful cultivation in any part of the Union. The fact might be treated as a hoax, but that it is chronicled in a Minnesota newspaper, as well as in the Delta correspondence.

Amusing.—The Paris Patrie, which has been refreshing itself with some of our electioneering warfare, became particularly impressed with a publication made by a German paper in St. Louis, in which the Republicans were poetically described as "negger bossers," (nigger kissers, in the vernacular,) and coupling this with the epithet of "nigger worshippers," forthwith it announces, with all conceivable gravity, as an extraordinary fact, that a new religious sect has just been established in the United States, called "Adorateurs des Negres," which bids fair to swallow up all the other isms and scisms of the day!

Deepening of the Mississippi River.—The contract with the Government of the United States, through the Engineer Bureau of the War Department, for opening the Southwest Pass and Pass a l'Outre, in the Mississippi river, to a depth of twenty feet and a width of three hundred feet, and to keep these channels clear for the period of five years, has been awarded to Messrs. Craig and Righter, of Newport, Kentucky. The sum for which they contract to perform this work is three hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

John Bright, M. P.—An English paper states that Mr. Bright is so completely prostrated in health, that he is unable to take any part in public life.

A Singular Duel.—We learn by a letter from Memphis, of the 16th ult., that a duel was fought in the vicinity of that city on the day previous. It seems that on a late trip of the steamer North Star from New Orleans to this place, two of the passengers, Col. Charles Burgthae, from Philadelphia, and Major Reigler, of Boston, who had been south on an electioneering tour, and were old friends, having both served in the European armies, got into a very warm discussion, the one defending democracy, and the other republicanism, which resulted in offensive language of a personal character against Col. Burgthae. In the presence of so many passengers, the Colonel felt it incumbent on him to demand a retraction of the insulting matter, which being denied, a challenge and acceptance to fight were soon settled upon. Two Hungarian officers, named S. Szalay and T. Shultez, lately in the service of Walker at Nicaragua, who were passengers on the boat, volunteered as seconds. Pistols and fifteen paces were the terms proposed, but strange to say, the seconds, the master of the boat, and all the passengers, including many ladies, opposed the proposition, and contended that the fight should be had with swords.

The Hungarians offered their sabres, and the next day, on reaching Memphis, the parties landed, and procuring the attendance of a Dr. Hill, also a passenger on the boat, proceeded to some grounds adjoining the city, accompanied by many of the lady and gentlemen passengers. The duel was then fought with great fierceness, and resulted in the defeat of Major Reigler, who, by the superior skill of his adversary, received two terrible cuts, the one on his cheek and the other on his chin, causing him to drop on the field. Returning to the boat, the wounds of the Major were dressed, and a reconciliation of the parties were effected.

Col. Burgthae shortly afterwards made a speech to the passengers, justifying his course, and defending dueling on general principles, which was warmly received by those present. It is supposed that the wounded gentleman would have replied, but for the disabled condition of his chin.

Both gentlemen displayed great gallantry in the field, and were triumphantly escorted back to the boat by the spectators.—*St. Louis Democrat.*

From Kansas.—The Free State prisoners at Lecompton have published an address to the American people, in which they state they are confined in a small, loathsome prison, with two cannons in front of it, under guard of militia recently enlisted, and that they are unable to procure medical assistance, or sufficient food or clothing. Wm. Bowles, a Free State man, from St. Charles, Missouri, has died since his arrest, and it is feared that several others can survive but a few days, unless immediately relieved. The address is signed by eighty-one of the prisoners, formerly belonging to Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa.

The Boston Advertiser states that information has been received that thirty bales of clothing, sent from the east for sufferers in Kansas, have arrived at Lawrence, and been distributed. Sixty cases more were at Leavenworth, and would reach Lawrence in a day or two. One hundred and ninety-seven cases of clothing have gone forward from the Boston office.

Power of Enduring Cold.—The mysterious compensation by which we adapt ourselves to the climate are more striking here than in the tropics. In the Polar zone the assault is immediate and sudden, and, unlike the insidious fatality of hot countries, produces its result rapidly. It requires hardly a single winter to tell who are to be heat-making and acclimatized men. Petersen, for instance, who has resided for two years at Uporna-vich, seldom enters a room with a fire. Another of our party, George Riley, with a vigorous constitution, established habits of free exposure, and active, cheerful temperament, has so inured himself to the cold, that he sleeps on our sledge, journeys without a blanket, or any other covering than his walking suit, while the outside temperature is 30 degrees below zero.—*Dr. Kane's Jour.*

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 185—Adults 76, and children 109.

NEW YORK MARKET.

FLOUR, &c.—The demand for Western Canal Flour is quite active, and the business in the low grades of extra is more apparent, and all descriptions are firmer. The arrivals are fair, and the Eastern inquiry brisk. We hear of sales of some 30,000 bbls at prices within our range. The sales are 12,500 bbls at $4,9565,65 for common to good superfine State; $5,80@$7 for extra State; $5,50@5,75 for superfine Indiana and Upper Lake; $7,10@7,30 for common to fair extra Ohio; $7,80@8,40 for fair to very choice extra Ohio; $6,70@8 for St. Louis brands, and $7,25@8,50 for Tennessee. Canadian Flour is in small stock, and is buoyant with light receipts; sales of 650 bbls at $4,95@5,25 for superfine, and $5,80@7,75 for extra—the former quite scarce. Southern Flour is without important change; the arrivals are moderate; sales of 1250 bbls at $7,25@7,50 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, &c., and $7,65@8,15 for favorite fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is firmer; the sales small at $3,50@5. Corn Meal is quiet; sales of Jersey at $3,50, and Brandywine at $3@3,12½. Buckwheat Flour is in good demand at $2,62½@3 ₩ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The arrival of Wheat are large, and with greater firmness in freights, prices are 1@2c lower. The demand is mainly for export. The sales are 2000 bushels red Southern at $1,58@1,59; 5000 bus white Southern at $1,60@1,70; 1500 bus white Upper at $1,63; 3000 bus mixed Indiana at $1,50; 7,000 bus prime white Indiana at $1,71; 9,000 bushels white Canadian at $1,67@$1,70; 3,000 bus ordinary white Michigan at $1,64; 7000 bus Chicago spring at $1,38; 1500 bushels Milwaukie Club at $1,42@1,44; 2700 bushels red Ohio at $1,52, and 1200 bush red Illinois at $1,50@1,55. Rye is firmer, and in fair demand. Sales of 2000 bus at 82c. Oats are in good request at 43@45c for State, and 46@47c for Western in bulk. Canal Barley is active. The extreme prices asked checks business for export. Sales of 25,000 bus at 69c for unsound in store, and 75@74c for Western mixed. Other kinds are nominal. Barley is firm. Sales of 1000 bus common at $1,34.

COFFEE—Very little has transpired; prices are generally steady. Sales of 400 bags Rio on the latter price for 200 bags choice. Stock of Rio 61,000 bags.

HOPS—The market continues firm, with fair activity; sales of 120 bales at 34@c, as to quality.

HIDES—A fair inquiry prevails, and prices show a firm market. The sales are 200 Angostura at 32c, six months, and 1000 Dry Salted Charleston at 19c, six months.

LEATHER—Holders of Sole continue demanding full prices, namely, 36@38c for Light and Middle weights Oak, and 38@39c for do Hemlock. The stock is now doubled, with a prospect of liberal receipts from the tanneries up to the close of navigation; Oak is as yet in small supply, and Heavy weights are scarce and of quick sales.

MOLASSES—Porto Rico has touched a higher point; other kinds are buoyant. Sales of 25 hhds Porto Rico at 36c, and 40 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 30c.

OILS—English Linseed is in steady request, and prices remain without essential change. The transactions comprise 50 tons, November, December, January, February and March deliveries, at 85@87c. American is in good demand from store at 1@2c. Crude Whale is dull and prices are mostly nominal. Refined Winter is fairly active at 91@92c, 4 months, for the East at 90c, 4 months. Crude Sperm remains quiet, and prices are in favor of buyers; sales of 500 bbls at New Bedford, at prices not transpired. Manufactured is inactive at $1,80 for unbleached winter, and $1,85@1,90 for bleached do. Winter bleached Elephant is in moderate demand at 82@83c. Lard Oil is inactive. Sales of 50 bbls at 70c, 4 months, the latter rate for prime Western. Olive is in moderate request at $3,37½@4,87½ for quarts and pints. Red Oil is dull at 66@70c, cash and 4 months.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is better; the stock, as made up, proves to be much reduced, aggregating 8976 bbls, and including 4865 bbls Mess, of which some 1200 bbls are ready to go out of the market. The sales are 350 bbls at $15,25 for Mess, and $13@13,25 for Prime. Beef is without much change; the stock is rather larger than we expected, but some 1700 bbls are already sold to go East. The sales are 350 bbls at $9@7 for country Prime; $8,50@9,50 for do Mess; and $9@11 for repacked Mess. Prime Mess Beef is quiet at $14@16. Beef Hams are wanted at $19@20. Bacon is inactive. Cut Meats are quiet at 7½c for Shoulders, and 9½c for Hams. Lard is very quiet, and prices favor the buyer; sales of 270 bbls and tcs at 13@13½c. Butter is firmer, and in good demand at 18@21c for Ohio, and 22@25c for State. Cheese is plenty at 10@10½.

SUGARS—Continue very firm, with less offering at present currency. Refiners and grocers purchase fairly. Sales of 500 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 8@10c; 50 hhds New Orleans at 10@10½c, and 200 tcs Porto Rico at 10½c. Sales 3000 bags Manilla at 9c.

WHISKEY—The market is lower and is quiet. Sales 250 bbls Ohio and Prison at 23@24c.

Nov. 3.—Flour dull; 2500 bbls. sold at $4 45 a $6 60 for State. Wheat is declining; 26,000 bushels sold; white 170, red 154. Corn is quiet; 20,000 bushels sold. Pork quiet and prices unsettled. Beef firm. Lard quiet. Whiskey firm.

Sterling exchange is dull. Money market stringent and stocks lower.

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,

By Withers & Peterson, Bankers,

No. 29 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, November 3, 1856.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis
March bk Burlington	15 dis
Wheat Grower's bk Newton	15 dis
DELAWARE.	
Solvent bks	par
Under 5's	¼ dis
MARYLAND.	
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis
Far & Mec bk Kent co	1 dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Exchange bk	20 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis
NEW YORK.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis
8th Avenue bk	¼ dis
Knickerbocker bk	14 dis
James bk	25 dis
Far bk Onondaga	25 dis
Mer & Man bk Oswego	30 dis
Ex bk Buffalo	20 dis
Empire City bk	14 dis
Central bk	14 dis
MAINE.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Bk of Wallowell	¼ dis
Kenduskeag bk	10 dis
Ellsworth bk	62 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
VERMONT.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
South Royalton bk	2 dis
CONNECTICUT.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
CANADA.	
Solv bks	2 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Bk of Kanawha	10 dis
Bank Alleghany	5 dis
Corp'n Alexandria	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
GEORGIA.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
New bks	2 to 5 dis
Bank Milledgeville	no sale
Atlanta	5 dis
Planters and Mechs bk Dalton	60 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bk of Mobile	11 dis
Other solv bks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All bks	uncertain
LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks	11 dis
OHIO.	
Solvent bks	¼ dis
Bk of Circleville	65 dis
Canal bk Cleveland	¼ dis
City bk Columbus	1½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
INDIANA.	
State bk	¼ dis
Free bks	5 to 20 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
Quincy City bk	10 dis
Railroad bk Decatur	5 dis
MISSOURI.	
Solv bks	¼ dis
TENNESSEE.	
Solv bks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Solv bks	2 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All bks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Solv bks	2 dis
TEXAS.	
Com & Agricultural bk Galveston	10 dis

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

Total Receipts at all the Principal Markets.

Beeves,	4598	Milk Cows,	342
Veals,	502	Swine,	3000
Sheep and Lambs,	13,189		

Beeves.—The market is substantially the same as last week. Good Cattle continue scarce, while common and inferior are plenty. Our quotations show no change in prices; the best have sold as high as 10½c, and the poorest at 7c.

The average price was about 8½c. The business, though more active than last week, was by no means brisk, and as the day progressed, the tendency of prices was downward. At Allerton's, 3739 head were on sale.

The supply at all the city markets shows an increase this week over last of 914 head. The weather was fine, which exerted a favorable influence. Ohio, as usual, was the largest contributor to the stock, and our own State the next.

We quote the prices as follows:—

Beef Cattle,	[@10½	Common quality,	@8½
Good quality,	@9½	Inferior "	@7½

Sections of country whence brought:—

New York,	775	Virginia,	—
Ohio,	1128	Connecticut,	—
Illinois,	660	Kentucky,	679
Pennsylvania,	95	Iowa,	—
Indiana,	332	Texas,	147

Receipts per Different Conveyances.

	Erie.	Hud. R.	Harlem.	Boats.
Beeves,	585	1819	500	742
Veals,	—	—	—	—
Sheep and Lambs,	658	—	2683	—
Swine,	105	179	—	258
Cows,	—	—	82	—
Horses,	—	—	—	—

Received on Foot—3388 Beeves.

By whom received:—

By Allerton,	2739	By Browning,	374
By O'Brien,	198	By Chamberlain,	287
Total,			4396
Received last week,			3982

Veal Calves.

The demand is fair, and full prices have been realized—the quality averages fair. We quote at 5, 6¼ and 6¾@c.

Receipts.

By Allerton,	198	By Browning,	35
By O'Brien,	72	By Chamberlain,	208
Total,			502
Received last week,			582

Milch Cows.

Only a moderate business has been done, prices have not varied. We quote at $25@50, with a few at $60.

Receipts.

By Allerton,	58	By Browning,	11
By O'Brien,	162	By Chamberlain,	101
Total			342
Received last week			321

Sheep and Lambs.

The trade is good and prices have slightly improved. But few were left over at any of the market-places. The quality was generally fair.

Sale of Sheep by Samuel McGraw:

160 Sheep	$540 00	10 Sheep	$47 50
168 do	468 00	76 do	266 75
177 do	779 20	57 Stors Sheep	123 00
20 do	76 75	192 do	554 00
19 do	73 75		
54 do	198 81	944	$3,238 99

Sales by James McCarty at Browning's for the week, 1108 Sheep and Lambs, at prices from $2,25 to $7.

Sales by Hume & Baldwin at Browning's for the week, 1367 Sheep and Lambs, at $4,562,41, average $3,62.

The receipts are as follows:

At Allerton's	3221
At Browning's	4231
At Chamberlain's	5837
Total	13,189
Received last week	12,443

Swine

Are in fair supply, and are selling at 6@6¾c, gross, for corn fed hogs. At Allerton's 502 were received this week.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

At market 1000 Beeves, 400 Stores, 10 pairs Working Oxen, 105 Cows and Calves, 3000 Sheep and Lambs, and 1800 Swine.

Prices—*Market Beef*—Extra, none; first quality, $7; second do $7½; third do $6; ordinary $5½.

Barrelling Cattle—$5@6 ₩ cwt.

Working Oxen—$100, 115, 120, 125, 135, 150@175.

Cows and Calves—$21, 31, 36, 38, 51, 55, 60@80.

Yearlings—$14@18.

Two years old—$18, 20@23.

Three years old—$24, 28, 30@33.

Hides—8½c ₩ lb.

Calf Skins—11½c ₩ lb.

Tallow—4½@5c ₩ lb.

Pelts—75c a $1 each.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra and selections, $4, 4½, 5@7. By lot, $3½, 3¾@4.

Swine—Sales of spring Pigs at 5½@6 ₩ lb, wholesale, and 6@6½ ₩ lb at retail; fat Hogs, undressed, still fed, 6½, and corn fed, 7½c ₩ lb.

BALTIMORE CATTLE MARKET.

The receipts of Beef Cattle were comparatively light. The offerings at the scales were only 900 head, against 1700 head last market day. Of the Cattle offered, 90 head were driven to York, Pennsylvania, and the balance (810 head) were taken by the Baltimore butchers at prices ranging from $3@6,25 on the hoof, equal to $6@8,25 net, and averaging $3,681 gross. There were but few sold at the outside figure. The average rate is 7½c ₩ lb higher than the average on last market day. The advance was doubtless occasioned by the limited supply.

HOGS.—We have no change to note in the rates. There were about 1000 head at the scales, most of which were sold at $7,75@8 ₩ 100 lbs net.

SHEEP.—Sheep are dull, and prices are slightly lower. We quote them at $7,50@8,75 ₩ 100 lbs.

Weekly Review of the

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Office of the Saturday Evening Post,
November 3, 1856.

The operations of the past week have been moderate, and without any material alteration to note in the leading articles of produce. The foreign news has had very little effect on the market for Breadstuffs. Flour is moving off more freely, and Wheat, Corn and Oats are bringing rather better prices on the close. Bark is quiet. Cotton has ruled dull and unsettled, and prices favor the buyer. Coal and Iron are also dull, but without much change in rates. In Groceries there has been an active market to notice for Sugar and Molasses, with large sales of the former at a further advance. Coffee is quiet. The Provision trade is pretty much at a stand, without any alteration to note. Hides and Leather are very buoyant. Naval Stores—Oils—No change of moment, and sales moderate. Plaster is lower. Seeds remain rather quiet, but without any variation in prices. Tobacco is firm, but very quiet. Wool is on the advance, with a fair business doing in fine qualities, at full prices. Whiskey is dull and drooping. The fall trade in Dry Goods is pretty well over, and the market generally has been dull this week, with both the Commission and Jobbing. Stocks are well sold up, and all staple articles, particularly of cotton manufacture, are firm at the late advance.

ASHES—Both kinds continue scarce and high, with a limited business to note.

BARK—Quercitron is wanted, but there is very little arriving, and some small lots have been disposed of at $41 for first No 1, which is an advance. The market, however, is rather quiet at that rate to-day.

BEESWAX—Is inquired for, without much offering or selling, and good Yellow is wanted at 27c ₩ lb.

CANDLES—All kinds meet with a good inquiry at previous quotations, Adamantine are firm, most of the manufacturers having sold largely ahead.

COAL—Red Ash Coal continues in active demand for the New York market at steady rates, but Eastern orders come in slowly, and the market generally is unchanged, and rather dull for the season.

COFFEE—The market remains inactive, and prime is scarce, but buyers come forward slowly, and only about 2500 bags have been disposed of, at 10¼@11 for Rio, and 11@12c for Laguayra, on the usual terms. The bulk of the sales were of the former description. Some small sales of prime Java are also reported, at 14c.

COTTON—Has been arriving more freely this week, and under a moderate demand, prices have ruled unsettled and in favor of the buyer, sales reaching some 1,500 bales Uplands and Gulfs, at irregular rates, ranging at from 12 to 14c for the former, and 13@15c for the latter, cash and time, closing at about 1c off the quotations of last week.

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been a fair business doing in articles under this head, at about previous quotations. Among the sales are 100 tons Soda Ash at 2c, and 30 casks Indigo at 125@130c, all on the usual terms.

FEATHERS continue scarce, and Western sell freely at 35@38c, as to lots.

FISH—No cargo sales have been made public this week, and the market for Mackerel has been quiet. Store prices range at $10@12 for large 1's, $12@13 for small do, $8@9 for medium 2's and $6@7 for do large do. Herring sell at $4@ ₩ lb, and Dry Cod at $3,75 the 100 lbs.

FRUIT—The market has been rather quiet this week. Some 400 packages Raisins have changed hands, at $4,30@4,35 for Layers, and $3,20@3,30 ₩ box for Bunch; smaller packages in proportion. Apples are selling in lots at $2@3, and Cranberries at $1@1½ ₩ bbl. Dried Fruit comes in slowly, and commands 4@5c for Apples, and 6@7 ₩ lb for Peaches.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been very little alteration in the market for Flour during the past week. The receipts and sales continue moderate, and prices have ruled nearly steady. The transactions in all foot up about 15,000 bbls, mostly for export, at $5,75@5,87½ for Standard superfine; $6@6,12½ for selected brands, and $7,12½@7,37½ for extra, as to quality, including family lots at higher figures: 1200 bbls Brandywine at $7,37½, and 200 half bbls Robinson at $7,50 the pair. The demand has been principally for better brands and extra, of which the bulk of the sales were made, and the market closed firmly, within the above range of prices. For some time there has also been a fair business doing at from $6,75 to 7,50 for common to fair brands and extra, and $7,25@7,50 ₩ bbl for fancy lots, as to quality. Rye Flour is very scarce, and small sales have been made at $3,37½ a $4 ₩ bbl, which is an advance. Corn Meal is arriving more freely, and buyers are holding off for lower prices. About 1500 bbls have been disposed of at about $3,37 for Pennsylvania, including 200 bbls sold to-day, at which rate the demand is easy, and 400 bbls Brandywine on terms not public. The inspections for the week are 17,082 bbls Flour, 3256 bbls Corn Meal and 19 bbls Rye do.

GRAIN—The receipts and sales of wheat continue moderate, and prices are rather better at the close, sales reaching about 40,000 bushels at 150@153c for fair to good and prime reds, and 155@156c for fair to strictly prime white, including interior lots at 148@150c. Rye is in steady demand at 84@85c, some 2000 bushels, mostly Southern, found buyers at 83@85c, closing, however, at 83@84c. Barley—some 6000 bushels western New York have been sold at 125c.

GUANO—A cargo of Peruvian has arrived this week, but the active season being over, there is very little moment to note, and prices are unchanged.

GINSENG—Crude is inquired for, but there is little or none arriving for selling to establish a quotation.

HEMP—Little or nothing doing, and no changes to note in the market, the stock being all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES—The market is buoyant, but the want of stock limits operations; an import of about 4000 dry Laguayra Hides were sold previously on terms not public; some 2000 Western have also been received coastwise, mostly by the dealers.

HOPS are firmer, with a fair business doing at 10@12c, as in quality. Old Hops are dull.

IRON—The market rules dull, and sales are confined to a few small lots Anthracite Pig Metal, in all some 800 tons, on terms not public. No 1 is quoted at $26, 2 at $24, and 3 at $22@23 ₩ ton, without much doing. South Pig sells slowly at $20. In Manufactured, Common Bars have come under our notice, Bars, however, are rather more active.

LEAD—The market is firmer, and a small sale of Virginia was made on terms not public.

LUMBER—There are no material changes to note in the market; the native season is drawing to a close, but fair business has been done. Some White Pine at previous quoted rates. Of Lathe, some cargo

...E CORONATION DINNER TO THE PEOPLE OF ...COW.—We had seen the tables on a previous ... and had intended to pass alongside all of ..., but when we found that the aggregate ...th was about eleven versts, nearly eight ..., we at once abandoned the notion. Upon ...tables, which were covered with white cloths ...d down to the wood, were sheep roasted ...le, and dressed in brilliant scarlet jackets, ...ages suspended from poles in rich festoons, ... by thousands, and cakes by tens of thou...ds. But early in the morning of the feast, the ...p were cut up and placed on large wooden ...s, where they were to remain until the signal ... given for the commencement of the banquet. ... signal was to be the hoisting of a flag from ...Imperial rotunda, and it was understood that ...flag was to be hoisted just before the arrival ...n Emperor. As several false accounts of the ...ber of sheep placed on the table, the quan...s of vodka thrown up from the fountains, &c., ...e been circulated about Moscow, and as one ...hose bills of fare in particular, goes so far as ...give about a quarter of a sheep and four ...nds of sausages to each person, we may here ..., that although the food had been ordered in ...fusion, the number of flocks of sheep present ... roasted condition, has been exaggerated, ...le as to the unfathomable quantities of vodka ...t to have been imbibed, we can only state that ... drop of that liquor was there seen during ... entire fete, except some which a few ...hly prudent individuals had thought fit to ...g with them. The real bill of fare was as ...ows:—

2,[illegible] pouds of ham ([illegible] lbs.)
[illegible] pouds of sausage ([illegible] lbs.)
312 pouds of butter (11,232 lbs.)
[illegible] pieces of roast meat
[illegible] pairs of fowls
[illegible] pirogas (or meat cakes.)
[illegible] vatrouschkis (or pies with cream.)
[illegible] kalatchkis (pies without English equivalents.)
[illegible] biscuits.
[illegible] pouds of gingerbread (21,600 lbs.)
1,[illegible] vedros of wine (12,500 quarts.)
3,[illegible] vedros of beer (31,200 quarts.)

...ch table was also abundantly supplied with ..., nuts, apples, &c., in quantities which I ...st content myself with characterising as enor...

As I have already stated, this stupendous ban...et, of such Homeric, such patriarchal proportions, was to be attacked immediately a standard ...s hoisted from the rotunda erected for the ...mperor. It appears that the morning's rain, ...hich had penetrated everywhere, had damped ...e flag to such an extent that the soldier who ...d charge of it doubted whether it could be ...sted with proper effect, and determined to ...tisfy himself on the point by making the experiment before the Emperor's arrival. The experiment was only too successful, the hoisting of ...e flag was accepted as the signal for the commencement of the feast; it was commenced accordingly, and long before the arrival of the Emperor everything had been eaten. The fountains ...wine, beer, and tea, did not however begin to ...ay until his Majesty made his appearance, and ...ring the following quarter of an hour the scene ...as highly interesting. From the Petrovsky ...alace, with its red turrets and its green dome, ...the enclosure in the middle of which a temporary palace of the most unpretending nature had ...en erected for the Emperor, the line was kept ...by the celebrated Circassians, in their chain armour ...d crimson uniforms. The enclosure was like a ...ge circus, the little edifice in the centre bearing ...small resemblance to an *al fresco cafe*.

A FAST YOUNG MAN.—Huntington is outdone ...a fast young man in New York, whose career ...thus graphically described by the New York ...es:—

"The Thomas P. Wright was for some time ...ok-keeper in the highly respectable house of ...he Higgins & Co., of this city, the senior member of which is now our Consul to Belfast, Ireland. ...well and ably did he perform his duties in this ...pacity, that he won the esteem of his employ..., and their confidence to such an extent that, ...ring the absence of the firm, in 1854-5, in Europe, he held their Power of Attorney.

"Of this power he availed himself. By pledging the firm, whose interests were entrusted to ...e care, he obtained a credit upon the firm's ...nkers at Glasgow for $50,000, with which sum ...went to Europe, (representing himself as the ...clusive owner of this sum,) to make arrange...nts for continuing the firm with this supposed ...ditional capital, and he to be a partner. He took ...th him letters of introduction from some Wall ...reet bankers, and these he used to forward his ...signs. He also represented himself to be a ...illionaire, and played all his parts so plausibly, ...hat he finally *succeeded in buying the firm out with ...heir own assets!*

"The property thus turned over to him amounted to about $200,000, and he actually prevailed ...pon one of the largest creditors of the estate (a ...anic Scot) to garnish the firm of Higgins & Co., ...d the other creditors, in the faithful liquidation ...the liabilities of the estate, so that the late firm ...now held harmless. The $50,000 credit which ...had obtained in the manner above mentioned, ...e deposited in the Western Bank of Glasgow. ...n after he returned to this city, and continued ...importing business from the first of January ...in Vesey street, under the name of Wight ...thers. Here he seemed to prosper greatly. ...lived grandly, occupied a brown-stone front ...Twenty-third street, kept a span of horses, ...in fact, went it decidedly strong. His career ...very brilliant, but very brief! In ninety days ...his establishment, the firm of Wight Bro. ...collapsed! And so ends the first part of ...singular story of ninety days in the importing ...ess. The second part is now performing ...e Judge Oakley, at Superior Court Chambers.

"The examination shows $75,687 of acknowged liabilities, and a trunk, carpet bag, valise ...contents, as the only effects yet reached to ...harge them with."

INTERESTING FROM JAPAN.—LIBERAL DESIGNS THE GOVERNMENT.—Our last accounts from ...China seas mention a highly interesting fact. ...Emperor of Japan, being anxious to adjust ...ious questions connected with the recent treaty he has concluded with the several governments of Europe and America, held on the 22nd June, at Jeddo, the capital of his empire, a ...lemn assembly of the principal lords and most ...influential personages of his Court. It was decided at the meeting, that two ports of the empire, those of Nangasaki and Hakodadi, should ...be open to the vessels of all nations. There they ...might repair, take in provisions, establish depots ...of coal, &c. The other ports of the empire, however, are to be accessible to vessels in distress, which may take refuge in them, but which ...shall have to put to sea the moment the danger is ...over. No foreigner is to be allowed to penetrate ...into the interior of the country without a special ...permission from the Chief of the State. No decision had yet been come to with regard to the ...commercial question. The right of trading with ...Japan is still exclusively maintained in favor of ...the Dutch and Chinese, who have long possessed ...on very onerous terms, having but one market ...open to them, that, of Nangasaki. The new ...policy adopted by the Government of Japan, will ...be productive of incalculable results. Hitherto, ...no foreign vessel could enter the ports of the ...country to refit or take in provisions. The last ...decision of the Court of Jeddo accordingly ...constitutes a grand progress.—*Moniteur de la Flotte.*

AN AMERICAN SWINDLE IN PARIS.—The following paragraph is from a Paris letter to the New York Express:—

"Some months since an association was organized in Paris, calling itself a 'Colonization Society,' and claiming to own a million of acres of land in Western Virginia. Grants of this land were sold at very low prices, and the bait was taken very well amongst the incautious, when it was found out that the title to the lands which the company claimed to possess was utterly worthless, the fact being that many of the lands were already occupied by people who had bought the property from the State of Virginia, under the law which enabled the commonwealth to sell unclaimed real estate to pay taxes. In short, the whole affair was a swindle."

REMARKABLE VERDICT.—On a recent trial for murder in Watson county, Missouri, a lad who instigated to fire the gun which caused the death of the victim, by his father, was acquitted, while the father and an adult accomplice convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to ...years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. The result of this verdict is, that these parties being of matured years, induced the boy to commit the murder, but that a greater punishment than that of murder in the second degree could not go against them.

COMMERCE.—The people of Danvers, Mass., recently complimented Mr. George Peabody with a festival, upon his return to that town—his birthplace—after an absence of twenty years. Edward Everett was present, and in reply to a sentiment appropriate to the occasion, embellished with that felicity of illustration and finished eloquence which so eminently distinguishes all his public efforts, offered this beautiful and striking tribute to commerce:—

"Track its history for a moment, from the earliest period. In the infancy of the world its caravans, like gigantic silk-worms, went creeping through the arid wastes of Asia and Africa, with their infinitesimal legs, and bound the human family together in those vast regions as they bind it together now. Its colonial establishments scattered the Grecian culture all round the shores of the Mediterranean, and carried the adventurers of Tyre and Carthage to the north of Europe and the south of Africa. The walled cities of the middle ages prevented the arts and refinements of life from being trampled out of existence under the iron heel of the feudal powers. The Hanse towns were the bulwarks of liberty and property in the north and west of Europe for ages. The germ of the representative system sprang from the municipal franchises of the boroughs. At the revival of letters, the merchant princes of Florence received the fugitive acts of Greece into their palaces. The spirit of commercial adventure produced that movement in the fifteenth century which carried Columbus to America, and Vasco di Gama around the Cape of Good Hope. The deep foundations of the modern systems of international law were laid in the interests and rights of commerce, and the necessity of protecting them.

"Commerce sprinkled the treasures of the newly found Indies throughout the Western nations; it nerved the arm of civil and religious liberty in the Protestant world, it gradually carried the colonial system of Europe to the ends of the earth, and with it the elements of future independent, civilized republican governments. But why should we dwell on the past? What is it that gives vigor to the civilization of the present day but the world wide extension of commercial intercourse, by which all the products of the earth and of the ocean, of the soil, of the mine, of the loom, of the forge, of bounteous nature, creative art, and untiring industry, are brought by the agencies of commerce into the universal market of demand and supply? No matter in what region a desirable product is bestowed on man by a liberal Providence, or fabricated by human skill. It may clothe the hills of China with its fragrant foliage—it may glitter in the golden sand of California—it may wallow in the depths of the Arctic seas—it may ripen and whiten in the fertile plains of the sunny South—it may spring forth from the flying shuttles of Manchester in England, or Manchester in America—the great magnet of commerce attracts it alike and gathers it all up for the service of man."

FROM CENTRAL AMERICA.—NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—Private advices received here by the Illinois, from Costa Rica, dated Oct. 6th, state that General Canas was still on the frontier, watching the movements of Walker. Reinforcements amounting to one thousand more would soon follow.

A public meeting was held at San Jose on the 5th, at which it was unanimously agreed to push on the war against Walker with the utmost vigor. The Bishop of the diocese had offered the Government all his private property, and many influential citizens were contributing largely.

The crops presented an improved appearance. Sales had been made of Coffee, of next year's crop, at $7 to $7,50.

The New Orleans papers of Thursday week contain the details of the news from Nicaragua, but there is very little to add to the report already received.

Capt. Williams, of Gen. Walker's army, came passenger in the Tennessee. He gives a detailed account of the two battles, agreeing with the former report.

Gen. Walker was preparing to march in pursuit of the enemy.

The howitzers and Minnie rifles sent from New York, were received previous to the recent battles.

Minister Wheeler was dangerously ill.

STOLEN JEWELS.—The London police are on the lookout for the recovery of a casket of jewels recently stolen from the Baroness Anselme de Rothschild. The robbery was committed at the country residence of the Baroness, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The jewels were in a casket and in a brown leather jewel case, the value of the contents being estimated at 200,000 francs. For the most part, the jewels, from their remarkable rarity and beauty, may be easily recognized. Among them were the following: Four rows of large pearls, of which three rows were of ten to twelve grain pearls, and one row of twenty to thirty grain pearls, the last alone being worth 40,000 francs, and the whole from 80,000 to 100,000 francs; a large oriental onyx, surrounded with diamonds, valued at 10,000 francs; a serpent ring, with diamond, the interior engraved, "In memory of Hannah de Rothschild;" four large pearl buttons, surrounded with diamonds; six bracelets of diamonds, emeralds, rubies.

PORTABLE GAS.—A company has just been formed for the purpose of bringing an improved portable gas apparatus into general use, by which it is hoped to attain the desideratum of enabling consumers to produce their own gas at a small cost. The raw material from which the gas is made will be supplied by the company, and the apparatus can be moved with facility—a machine capable of supplying ten burners for eight hours per night, for a week, occupying but a very limited space. The preparation of the gas is very simple, and the apparatus can be managed by an ordinary domestic with safety.—*Engineer, (England.)*

EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF APPLES.—We have the pleasure of putting on record probably the best sale of fruit ever known in this country, and that too, of Tennessee fruit. The specimens of apples exhibited at the Fair by Mr. J. W. Dodge, artist, raised on his farm in Cumberland county, on the mountain, were sold at auction on Wednesday night of last week. They were sold by the half dozen, and as high as five dollars and twenty cents per half dozen paid. The whole lot sold, amounting to about a barrel and a half, of seven different varieties, brought one hundred and eleven dollars. If any of our famous fruit-growing States in any section of the Union can equal this, we should like to hear from them.—*Nashville Banner.*

CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—Recently has been noticed a possibly useful invention in stereotyping. One of the persons employed in the State Printing Office of Vienna has made the discovery that plates of plaster of Paris will uniformly contract by a repeated washing with water, and still more with spirits of wine. On this is based a process to produce both print and woodcuts in various gradations of type and size, by a calculated diminution of the plaster of Paris plate. Already print and drawings have been made of a twelfth part size, reduced from three inches to one inch in diameter, and yet even the reduction to the smallest size does not encroach on the correctness of the impression.

EXPEDITION TO THE SOUTH ATLANTIC.—The U. S. storeship Release has been selected by Government for the purpose of visiting the American shores of the South Atlantic, to procure sugar cane and seeds under the appropriation of $75,000 which was made for that object by the last Congress. Lieut. Charles C. Simms, U. S. N., will command the Release, and sail from New York in a week or ten days. It is expected that she will visit the shores of Central and South America, as well as many of the West India Islands, and return early in the spring.

THE SHADOW ON THE PILLOW.—The following incident was communicated by Sir John McNeill: "A Highland soldier had his arm so severely wounded that it was about to be amputated, when Miss Nightingale requested the operation be delayed, as she thought that under careful nursing the arm might be preserved. By her unremitting care this was accomplished, and the poor soldier, on being asked what he felt towards his preserver, said that the only mode he had of giving vent to his feelings was by kissing her shadow when it fell on his pillow as she passed through the ward on her nightly visit."

PARDONED.—Governor Bragg, of North Carolina, has pardoned Alexander Hooker, convicted at Randolph Superior Court, of the murder of Chavis, who had seduced his sister.

REMARKABLE RESTORATION.—The Savannah (Ga.) Daily News, alluding to the death of Mrs. Catharine Ritter, at the age of 106 years and 8 months, says that a few years before her death her eyesight was fully restored, as were also her teeth, of which she had a full set.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann Street, New York.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
S. W. PEASE & Co, 28 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati.
S. RINGGOLD, Louisville, Ky.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Virginia.
A. GUNTER, No. 90 Third St., Louisville, Ky.

CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—On the approach of winter the squirrels store away nuts and make their nests warmer and more comfortable, the bears get thicker coats of fur on their backs, and birds take wing Southward. Men, upon the other hand, prepare for the severe season by laying in a stock of anthracite, and by getting seasonable garments at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 607 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Send to Mr. Robert Sears, No. 181 William Street, New York, for a Descriptive Circular of his "PICTORIAL FAMILY BIBLE," the best and most saleable Book now published for agents. sept 13-1f

AN OLD BACHELOR geologist, passing up Chestnut street, was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady who was present declared that she knew of a rock of which he was totally ignorant. "Name it, madame," cried Cordelia. "It is rock the *cradle*, sir," replied the lady. Cordelia taunted, and was served into the beautiful Clothing Store of Granville Stokes, No. 209 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, where, on recovering consciousness, he immediately ordered a superb wedding suit.

ARE YOUR LUNGS DISEASED, and would you be cured, do not allow yourself to be *experimented* upon, but try a remedy that has relieved thousands and *proved* itself worthy of your confidence. We refer to Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotype, takes by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, Philadelphia. oct4-4f

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL, No. 29 Fulton street, Brooklyn, New York. je7-4f

EPILEPTIC FITS are usually considered incurable, but that such is not the case is proven by the following certificate from a citizen of Danville, attested by a number of the most respectable gentlemen of that place. The Alterative has cured nearly every case of Epilepsy in which it has been used:

Dr. B. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Gentlemen:—I take this method of testifying to the efficacy of your Alterative. For twenty-five years I was a sufferer from Rheumatism, during which time I took much large quantities of Laudanum, that in the fall of 1853 I was attacked with Epileptic Fits, to cure which I made use of a few inquiries that I saw recommended, and have been almost constantly under the treatment of the best Physicians, but all proved ineffectual, and scarcely afforded me any relief. *After the Fits commenced, my right arm became gradually PARALYZED. I lost the use of my arm and partially that of my leg—my speech was so much affected that I could hardly articulate a sound that could be understood.* In this condition, at the solicitation of a friend, I commenced using your Alterative last fall, and it affords me inexpressible pleasure to state that since that time I have NOT had a *single Fit*: *the use of my limbs has returned*, and my speech being almost entirely restored, my appetite is good, and I feel perfectly well in every way. All I have taken about three dozen bottles of the Alterative, and a couple of boxes of SANATIVE PILLS, and must say that I attribute my life to the fact of having used your medicines.

I consider your Alterative the best medicine in the world for Epileptic Fits, and would recommend all persons afflicted as I have been, to lose no time in procuring it.

JOHN WARE.

We, the undersigned citizens of Danville, being acquainted with the facts contained in the above statement, do testify that they are correct as therein set forth.

William Kitchen, G. R. Brown,
Geo. S. Anders, W. W. Forrest,
James M. Jones, Thomas Woods
J. R. Moore.

The above mentioned articles are prepared only at 34 CHESTNUT St. aug2-f

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday evening, the 28th ultimo, in St. Stephen's Church, Harrisburg, by the Rev. J. Pinkney Hammond, Rector of St. Ann's Church, Morrisania, New York, assisted by the Rev. H. H. Bean, Rector of the former parish, CHARLES E. HAMMOND, to LIZZIE F. HUEBLER, daughter of Wm. Huebler, Esq. of the former place.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, JACOB RIDGWAY, to HARRIET, daughter of Joseph Albertson, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 23th ultimo, in Montgomery county, by the Rev. T. T. Titus, Mr. JOSEPH SHORT, to Miss JEANNETTE L. daughter of Capt. Jacob Bladenmer.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. J. K. Nichols, Mr. THEODORE LEHMAN, to ELIZA P. FROST, both of this city.

On the 7th of May, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. JESSE D. PARSONS, to Miss MARGARET HUNTER.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. O'Hara, Mr. JAMES FITZPATRICK, to Miss MARY HEALY, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. GEORGE M. WOODWARD, to Miss MADELINE HUSTON, both of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. GEORGE W. HARTMAN, to Miss MARY M. RUHL, both of Philadelphia.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. CHRISTIAN WIRTH, to Miss HARRIET ABELL, both of this city.

On the 2d ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. JEREMIAH W. SCHELLINGER, to Miss REBECCA TALLMAN, both of this city.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel A. Durborow, Mr. JOHN REMENTER, to Miss SARAH A. YOUNG, both of Philadelphia.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. JAMES JARVIS, of Chestnut Hill, to Miss AMANDA HENKLE, of Philadelphia.

On the 21st of Sept. by the Rev. John Alex. Roche, Mr. HUDSON B. BURLOUGH, to Miss SARAH L. TODD, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 21st of August, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. JOHN FRAME, to Miss ANNA E. NEELIS, both of Philadelphia.

On the 1st ultimo, by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D., Mr. NORMAN GOFF, formerly of Chicopee, Mass. to Miss EVA P. HASWITT, of Philadelphia.

On the 22d ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. JOHN F. CLARE, to AMANDA HAINS, both of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. William Ramsey, Mr. WILLIAM H. PROCTER, to Miss JANE MAXWELL, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. NATHAN WITMAN, of Waterville, Maine, to Miss MARTHA CUTLER, of Philadelphia.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. William Mullen, Mr. H. K. AUBAND, of Tamaqua, to Miss JULIA A. FLENNER, of this city.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. J. R. Anderson, Mr. JEFFRIS WOODWARD, to Miss MARGARET E. MILLER, both of Chester county.

On the 4th of August, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM PARKER, to Miss MARGARET J. MCGINNIS.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Clay, Mr. THOMAS F. BRADLEY, to Miss ELIZABETH S. daughter of the late A. and Mary Wagner, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Hiram Stimmel, in her 33d year.

Nov. 2, 1855, in Cheltenham Township, Montgomery county, Pa. ISAAC LEECH, in the 74th year of his age.

On the 29th ultimo, Mrs. CHARLOTTE MARTIN, aged 39.
On the 28th ultimo, JACOB DEAMER, aged 28 years.
On the 28th ultimo, Miss CATHARINE KANE, aged 23 years.
On the 29th ultimo, JAMES MYERS, aged 26 years.
On the 27th ultimo, SALLIE W. daughter of Jacob R. and Margaret Buddy, aged 3 years and 8 months.
On the 28th ultimo, DANIEL F. son of John and Sarah Sparks, aged 3 years and 2 months.
On the 27th ultimo, JAMES CURREY, aged 3 years.
On the 29th ultimo, ANDREW J. SHARP, aged 21 years.
On the 24th ultimo, JAMES REED.
On the 28th ultimo, JAMES HAMILTON, aged 15 years.
On the 28th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET L. LANGHAM, aged 29.
On the 26th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE CLARK, aged 81 years.
On the 28th ultimo, SARAH A. MILLER, aged 21 years.
On the 28th ultimo, MARY N. MYERS, aged 2 years and 5 months.
On the 26th ultimo, JOHN F. son of John and Eveline Wiler, aged 2 years and 7 months.
On the 24th ultimo, HELEN C. MARTIN, aged 4 years.
On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH, wife of James Kitchingman, aged 62 years.
On the 29th ultimo, JOSEPH, son of Edwin J. and Sarah Ann H[illegible], aged 21 years.
On the 26th ultimo, ANDREW POPLEY, son of Edward and Charlotte H. Simon, aged 9 years.
On the 27th ultimo, ELIZABETH CORNELIA, daughter of Chas. and Ann Higbee, aged 2 years and 2 months.
On the 27th ultimo, Mr. HENRY HAHN, aged 71 years.
On the 27th ultimo, ALICE WALTON, aged 9 years and 8 mos.
On the 26th ultimo, WILLIAM D. son of Wm. E. and Mary Hannum, aged 15 years.
On the 27th ultimo, Mr. KIERAN FITZGERALD, aged 18 years.
On the 26th ultimo, Mr. CHARLES HEWELL, aged 30 years.
On the 27th ultimo, FRANCES, wife of Wm. C. Jackson, aged 25 years.
On the 26th ultimo, JOSEPH, son of Joseph and Sarah Ruth, aged 7 years.
On the 26th ultimo, JOHN HUGHES, aged 35 years.
On the 26th ultimo, MARIA, daughter of Philip and Maria Nelson, aged 7 years.
On the 30th ultimo, CLARISSA B. daughter of George and the late Clarissa H. Normanta, aged 3 years.
On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH, wife of Samuel Taylor, aged 58 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mr. ISAAC, son of Margaret A. Campion, aged 23 years.
On the 26th ultimo, SARAH, wife of Fleetwood Lodge, Jr. aged 27 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. SARAH ANN, wife of Mr. S. Shapley, aged 38 years.
On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. CAROLINE M. WALSH.
On the 24th ultimo, RACHEL PORTER, aged 75 years.
On the 28th ultimo, HARRY MORTIMER, son of Geo. and Martha Learock, aged 4 years and 8 months.
On the 27th ultimo, CATHARINE A. daughter of John and Catharine Hornfrer, aged 18 years and 5 months.
On the 27th ultimo, at Chester, Del. county, Pa. GEORGE COLLETT, aged 21 years.
On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. ISABELLA, wife of Wm. Walker, aged 25 years.
On the 25th ultimo, CATHARINE S. HOOD, aged 23 years.
On the 25th ultimo, LYDIA, wife of Eleanor Kimber, Jr. aged 57 years.
On the 25th ultimo, GEORGE JACOT, aged 5 years and 9 mos.

WANTED—A LADY OF SOME EXPERIENCE, that can come well recommended, as a private teacher in a family, that understands all the branches taught in seminaries, with French, Music on the Piano and Guitar, also Drawing and Painting in Water and Oil Colors. A liberal salary will be paid. Address M. K., Caseyville, Union County, Kentucky. nov8-3t

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The following testimonial, selected from many received, is from one of the largest public institutions in the United States, heated effectually by Hot Air Furnaces:—

Philadelphia County Prison, June 12th, 1856.

To A. W. Rand—Dear Sir:—At a meeting of the Board of Inspectors of the Philadelphia County Prison, held June 9th, 1856, the following preamble was adopted and resolutions unanimously agreed to:—

Whereas, For the first time since the erection of this Prison it has been comfortably heated during the past winter by the Boynton Patent Heaters, introduced by A. W. Rand. And *Whereas*, Notwithstanding the extreme severity of the winter, a saving of over *one hundred and fifty tons of coal* for twenty per cent. has been effected by their use: therefore

Resolved, That we deem it a duty to the inventor and proprietor of the Boynton Heater thus to express our high satisfaction of its performances, and that we can confidently recommend its introduction into other public institutions.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the Prison be requested to hand a copy of these resolutions, properly attested, to Mr. Rand.

J. KESSLER, Jr., President.

Attest—JOSEPH K. HOWELL, Clerk.

In connexion with the above, we have a full assortment of all of HAYES' PATENT RANGES, now so universally used and favorably known.

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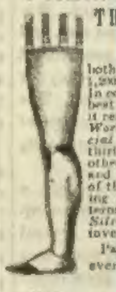
oct4-3m Plainfield, N. H.

THE FEMALE'S MILLENIUM.—THE SEWING MACHINE, is one of the feats of this age, destined soon to become one of our household gods, and the commencement of the female's millennium cannot be far distant. Long ages of toil and suffering seem to have nearly satisfied the "curse," and the fairer portion of creation will soon enter upon their reward.

Whatever opinion may exist respecting other machines, with regard to the Grover & Baker Machines there is no room for conjecture. The best evidence of superiority is the unequalled patronage enjoyed by these machines. Thousands of them daily write the record of their own success, in seams of unequalled beauty and strength, in workshops and sitting rooms, throughout almost every civilized country on the globe. The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company manufacture about twenty different styles of machines, making both the Grover & Baker and the Shuttle Stitch, and adapted to all varieties of work in cloth and leather, the prices of which vary from $75 to $125.

Their new Family Sewing Machine is believed to be unrivalled for this purpose. The Grover & Baker Machines are constantly on exhibition at the offices of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company, where all are invited to call and examine for themselves. Office 101 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. aug16-3m

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.



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Gold Lepines, " "	25,00
Silver Hunting Levers, Hunting cases, full jewelled,	18,00
Silver Levers, open face, " " "	14,00
Silver Lepines, " "	9,00
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Gold Pencils,	1,50 to 2,00

I can send by mail, with perfect safety, a Watch or Jewelry, to any part of the United States or the world. All orders must be accompanied with the cash. On the receipt of the cash, the goods will be immediately sent by mail or express, as desired. Please call or address, (post-paid,)

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July26-6m 309 Chestnut St., above 8th, *Philadelphia.*

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WAREHOUSE, 79 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA. THOMAS POTTER, manufacturer. In store, and for sale at low rates to dealers:
Floor Oil Cloths, in sheets, 12 and 18 feet.
Floor Oil Cloths in seats, of 4, 5, 6, and 8-4 wide, to match.
Canton Carriage Oil Cloth, enamelled and plain.
Table and Stand Oil Cloth.
Unequalled in finish, texture and style, warranted to stand any climate. oct11-6t

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AND

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BRILLIANT ROMANCE,

ENTITLED

VIOLET;

OR,

THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

From the elegant pen of the above talented and accomplished Authoress—a writer too well known to fame to require any laudatory introduction by us to the reading community.

Distinguished literary critics, who have read the entire manuscript, concur in pronouncing it far superior to any of her previous literary efforts—a work which would alone confer upon any writer high and enduring fame.

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JOHN P. JEWET

Wit and Humor.

PRICE OF THEATRICAL KISSING: SCENE IN A PARIS COURT.

A batch of actors at one of the Paris minor theatres lately came up before one of the courts on a complaint demanding damages, and the following scene—which is a peep behind the curtain for unprofessional people—ensued:

Narcissus—Your honor, I am a dramatic artist, and my line that of "lovers." I am forced to be excessively affectionate in my rules, but my warmth, my enthusiasm, in fact everything which brings down the house, is now sought to be turned to my disadvantage.

Judge—Explain yourself.

Narcissus—Why, I receive a hundred francs a month—and they want to make me pay one hundred and fifty for properties.

Judge—Properties? What kind of properties?

Narcissus—Kisses. (Laughter.) A hundred and fifty francs for kisses for one man, it's exorbitant. (Renewed laughter.) That, however, is the amount which Valsin, our noble father, has the audacity to demand of me.

The Father—Stop, old fellow.

The Judge—How is that?

Father—It is easily understood. In every theatre, there exists the following regulations:

Art. 1. When the stage-directions require an actor to kiss an actress, he must merely pretend to do so.

Art. 2. Every actor who shall kiss an actress without her formal permission, shall be fined five francs per kiss.

Art. 3. Pressing an actress upon the heart shall be fined two francs and a half.

Now, Narcissus has pressed my wife to his heart ten times, instead of merely pretending to do so. That makes twenty-five francs.

Narcissus—It's more than it's worth.

Father—Besides he has kissed her twenty-five times, and no mistake about it, which thus makes up the sum claimed, namely a hundred and fifty francs.

Narcissus—That's good; do you expect your wife to tell you the truth in such a matter? I rebut her evidence.

Father—I demand payment according to dramatic usage.

Narcissus—Well, since you are determined, let's come to terms. I'll make a reasonable offer.

Father—That's agreed.

Narcissus—I've had twenty-five kisses from your wife.

Father—Yes.

Narcissus—Well, I offer to return them to her. (Tremendous laughter.)

When the Judge had succeeded in restoring silence, he finished the discussion by sending the parties to their manager, desiring him to arrange the dispute. We hope the noble father showed himself magnanimous.

VALUE OF RAILWAY TUNNELS.—We cannot help repeating a narrative, which we heard on one occasion, told with infinite gravity by a clergyman, whose name we at once inquired about, and of whom we shall only say that he is one of the best and worthiest of the sons of the Kirk, and knows when to be serious as well as to jest. "Don't tell me," said he to a simple looking Highland brother, who had apparently made his first trial of railway travelling in coming up to the Assembly, "don't tell me that tunnels on railways are an unmitigated evil; they serve high moral and æsthetical purposes. Only the other day I got into a railway carriage, and I had hardly taken my seat when the train started. On looking up I saw sitting opposite me two of the most rabid Dissenters in Scotland. I felt at once that there could be no pleasure for me in that journey, and with gloomy heart and countenance I leaned back in my corner. But all at once we plunged into a long tunnel, black as night, and when we emerged at the other end my brow was clear and my ill-humor was entirely dissipated. Shall I tell you how this came to be? All the way through the tunnel I was shaking my fist in the Dissenters' faces and making horrible mouths at them, and that relieved me, and set me all right. Don't speak against tunnels again, my friend!"

SUPPOSING THE TERMINATIONS.—Foreigners, in speaking our language, are very apt to get entangled in the mysteries of our numerous irregular verbs. If, for instance, they have learned that the past tense of the verb "to fly" is "flew," they are apt to conclude that a similar change is a general law of the language. So, at least, did our worthy friend, Herr Von G——, one of the noblest of German exiles for liberty. He had one day been reading Percival's fine poem, "Arnold Von Winkelreid," one verse of which concludes thus:

"Make way for liberty!" he cried:
"Make way for liberty!" and died.

"How beautiful it is!" said Herr Von G——, quoting from memory. "How sublime, ven he rushes among ze spears!

"Make way for leeberte!" he cram:
"Make way for leeberte!" and dem.

WHAT HE WAS CRYING FOR.—It was the habit of Lord Eldon, when Attorney-General, to close his speeches with some remarks justifying his own character. At the trial of Horne Tooke, speaking of his own reputation, he said, "It is the little inheritance I have to leave my children, and, by God's help, I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears, and to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, the Solicitor-General, began to weep. "Just look at Mitford," said a bystander to Horne Tooke, "what on earth is he crying for?" Tooke replied, "He is crying to think what a little inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

LARGE PUNCH BOWLS.—Mr. Gallot one evening was warm in his praises of the hospitalities of the mother country. Amid other instances he quoted one of the Rutland punchbowl, which, on the christening of the young marquis, was built so big that a large boat was set sailing upon it, in which a boy sat, who ladled out the liquor. "I guess," said one of the company, "I've seen a punchbowl that 'ud beat that to immortal smash; for, at my brother's christening, the bowl was so deep that when we young 'uns said it warn't sweet enough, father sent a man down in a diving-bell to stir up the sugar at the bottom!"

AFTER HIM.—In an article on the Millerites or Second Adventists, who, it appears, have been holding a convention in Vermont, the Woodstock Age tells the following story:

"An ignorant but sincere believer in this ill-fated faith, who resides in this town, expressed an honest hope, a short time since, that the thing might take place, so as to *come up* with old J——'s boys, who, he said, were continually annoying him, whenever he was in sight, with the very disrespectful admonition, 'Run, old C——, the fire is right at your heels!'"

A MILLIONAIRE "DONE."

A well-known millionaire, a speculator in stocks, formerly a vanderbilliate, (writers do sometimes become millionaires,) Mr. Lefranc, was lighting a cigar in a cigar store, when a workman about thirty years of age, poorly but neatly dressed, approached the counter, and said timidly to the woman in attendance, in a tone of deep emotion:

"Madam, is it possible for you to change me a piece of forty francs?"

And at the same time he unrolled a piece of gold, preciously enveloped in paper.

"Change is scarce, my good man," replied the woman dryly, "and I have not too much for my own wants."

"I beg pardon, madam," murmured the poor artisan, quite confused, and folding up with a trembling hand the piece of gold in its envelope.

"Stop, my good fellow," said Lefranc, drawing out his pocket-book, "here are eight pieces of five francs—give me your piece of gold."

"Much obliged, sir."

Scarcely had Lefranc arrived in the street, when he perceived the workman on his tracks, regarding him with a wet eye, as if hesitating to address him.

"Approach, my friend," said Lefranc, "have you anything to say to me?"

"Alas! yes, sir; this piece of gold for which you have just given me change—"

"Well?"

"It is my marriage-piece, sir. At that time people had work, people were rich, for it did not cost so much to live. Nine years have I preserved that piece of gold, as the apple of my eye; and if I part with it now, it is because I am out of work, and there is no more bread at home for my wife and children. But misery is not always at the door of poor people, if Monsieur will be good enough to give me the time to reclaim my treasure?"

"Certainly," replied Lefranc, moved at the story of the poor man: (Lefranc is not like all stock brokers.) "I give you three months, dating from to-day. You may count on me, here is my card."

This scene, true in every line, occurred four months ago; but it lacks the denouement. The poor piece of gold still waits its distressed master and Lefranc hesitates to put into circulation, for fear he may be arrested for counterfeiting.

FEMALE POLITICS.—A young lady hearing it stated that government, in this country, would in future be carried on without *parties*, said, "Oh, dear! I hope not. If it comes to that, I hope papa will take us to live on the continent."—*London Punch.*

Useful Receipts.

REMEDY FOR THE YELLOW FEVER.—A correspondent of the New York Herald sends the editor the following:—

"A few years ago I fell in company with a very intelligent captain of a merchant ship, who had made many voyages to the West Indies, and also to the coast of Africa, and he informed me that, as an antidote to the fevers prevailing in those climates, he always took with him a large bottle of pulverized charcoal, of which he gave his crew a teaspoonful three times a day, in a glass of water, and he never lost a man by the yellow fever, though other ships were daily losing their men. Should any one have faith to try this, with good effects, I hope it may be published to the world."

FOR SPRAINS—SAID TO BE EXCELLENT.—One pint of soft-soap, (country preferred,) one pint of whiskey—mix and boil them, until the quantity is reduced to one pint. It will then be of the consistency of a plaster-salve. Take a thick cloth, linen or cotton, sufficiently large to cover the parts injured, spread the mixture, and sprinkle the same with black pepper. Apply this, and let it remain for forty-eight hours. A cure, in nine out of ten cases, will be effected.

EUGENIE PERFUME.—The present Empress of the French has given her name to a perfume, of which, for the sake of our fair readers, we will here give the recipe: Extract of musk ½ pint; extract of vanilla, ½ pint; extract of tonquin bean, ½ pint; extract of neroli, ½ pint; extract of geranium, ½ pint; extract of rose triple, ½ pint; and extract of sandal wood, ½ pint.

TO TAKE STAINS OUT OF LINEN.—Stains caused by acids can be removed by wetting the part and laying on it some salt of wormwood; then rub without diluting it with more water.

Or, tie up in the stained part some pearlash, then scrape some soap into cold soft water to make a lather, and boil the linen till the stain disappears.

Recent stains of fruit may be removed by holding the linen tightly stretched over a tub and pouring hot water over the part. This may be done before any soap has been applied to it. As soon as the stain is made on table linen, &c., rub on it common table salt, before it has had time to dry. The salt will keep it damp till the cloth is washed, when the stain will disappear; or, wash the stain lightly when the cloth is removed.

TO TAKE WRINKLES OUT OF SILK SCARFS.—The way to take wrinkles out of silk scarfs and handkerchiefs is to moisten the surface evenly with a sponge and some weak glue, and then pin the silk with some toilet pins, around the selvedges on a mattress or feather bed, taking pains to draw out the silk as tight as possible; when dry, all the wrinkles have disappeared. It is a nice matter to dress light colored silk, and few should try it. Some silk articles should be moistened with weak glue or gum water, and the wrinkles ironed out by a hot flat-iron on the wrong side.

THE POTRID SEA.—The waters of the Sivash are clear as crystal, and are so intensely bitter that no fish frequents them except a small flounder. The bottom consists of a stratum of fine shells of two or three inches in thickness, just sufficient to bear a man treading lightly upon it, but if one press with all his weight down on this crust of shells, it breaks beneath his feet, and up rushes a quantity of black mud and a bubbling stream of stinking gas, probably sulphuretted hydrogen, which has, perhaps, obtained for this lagoon such an unseemly title.—*Letter from the Crimea.*

INTEGRITY AND WISDOM.—The great lesson of the text, "Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness, is the connection which obtains between integrity of purpose and clearness of discernment: insomuch that a duteous conformity to what is right, is generally followed up by a ready and luminous discernment of what is true. It tells us that if we have but grace to do as we ought, we shall be made to see as we ought; or, in other words, that if right morally, we are in the highway of becoming right intellectually.—*Chalmers.*

☞ HUMAN GEOLOGY.—"I never heard of secondary formations without pleasure—that's a fact. The ladies, you know, are the secondary formations, for they were formed after man."

THE LADY THAT LIKED EXERCISE, AND THE DONKEY THAT DIDN'T.

Agricultural.

HOW TO SET OUT TREES.

"Line upon line and precept upon precept" may be as profitable now as in Bible times. At any rate, we shall be justified for reproducing the following, which we condense from the American Agriculturist:

We advise to set out most kinds of fruit trees in the fall, as soon as may be after the leaves have dropped from them. Peach, apricot, and nectarine trees are transplanted more safely in the spring, as early as the ground will admit being worked.

In taking up trees, *great care* should be taken to save unbroken as many as possible of the very small roots and fibres, even those so minute as to be scarcely seen. Upon the number of these, which are really the *feeders* of the tree, will depend its future growth and vigor. Never pull up a tree rudely, or cut off its roots with a spade, except, perhaps, some of its longer large roots. Leave the tap-root moderately long. Before lifting a tree, loosen the soil around it well, and then take it up carefully. Proper care in this particular will double the chance of its surviving, and render it ten-fold more valuable afterward.

While out of the ground, the roots should on no account be exposed to the sun or dry winds. If not set out immediately, let them be covered and kept damp—*not wet*. Too much wet, warm packing is almost as dangerous as dryness.

Dig wide, deep holes, to be filled with *good surface soil*. Here lies one of the great secrets of successful fruit-growing. No matter how poor the original soil, it is always comparatively easy to dig out a large hole, say two to two and one-half feet deep, and five to eight feet in diameter, and fill it in with good soil for the future bed of the tree. The air from which they derive much nourishment is just as good over a barren, sandy field as over a fertile one, and we can always get good soil enough for the tree to grow in, even if it has to be carted a mile.

The Soil.—If the ground designed for fruit or shade trees has a good surface soil, dig the holes as follows: Throw out a few inches of the best soil upon the surface, leaving it near by. All below this should be spread at a distance. Then fill in the bottom with the soil near by, and upon this set the trees. Complete the filling with the best top soil gathered from some distance around each hole. Unless the ground is already quite rich, it is well to mix with the filling a good supply of rotten manure, muck, or decayed leaves. We know of nothing better to put in the soil around the roots of all fruit trees than ground bones. They need not be finely ground. The finest portions will furnish immediate pabulum or food to the roots, while the coarser portions will decay gradually, and yield an annual supply of nutriment through a long series of years. Remember, that after a tree has been set out, and its roots have commenced to grow, you cannot readily replace a poor soil with a better one, nor can you mix with it a supply of fertilizers. The after improving will necessarily be by means of liquid manures. *Therefore prepare a permanently rich soil at first.*

Setting out Trees.—Here, also, a little—yes, a good deal—of care will pay. Having taken up the trees as directed above, fill up the several holes, so that when they have settled, each tree will stand about as deep as when it grew originally in the nursery. Then set in the trees, leaving the roots free, and extended in their natural position. Do not shovel in the soil upon them in masses, but sprinkle it in among and around the roots (jarring the tree with the hand occasionally), and press it down tightly. This done, fill up the rest of the hole with good soil, as directed above.

The ground should be left a little elevated around the trees, to allow for settling. It is well to add even more than this to support the tree during the winter, and dig away the surplus in the spring.

If the ground is dry at the time of setting, or if dry weather succeeds, an occasional watering should be given, just enough to keep the ground damp, but not enough to bake it, or make it wet and cold. The object should be to get the fibres started before all growth is cut off by frost. If much water remains about the roots during winter, there will be more expansion and contraction by frost, and the tender roots will be more torn and broken thereby. We would recommend thorough under-draining for all ground on which fruit trees are to grow. The ground may, however, be drained subsequently by running drains between the rows of trees.

LICE ON FARM STOCK.—When any stock is infested with lice, whether horses, cattle, sheep, or hogs, I give copperas in their food every other day, for six or eight days—say a teaspoonfull to a sheep. If the above directions are followed, I will pledge my word the prescription will kill the vermin inside and out, leaving your cattle with a clean stomach and a healthy skin. The remedy is so simple you may not think it worth trying, but it is no humbug.—*Rural Farmer.*

SALT AND BUTTER.—A Boston butter dealer, who purchases immense quantities of butter in northern New York, is in the habit of sending car loads of salt gratuitously to those with whom he has made contracts, so much depends, in his opinion, on the kind of salt. The ground rock salt is most valued. For the most select uses, a little fine white sugar, worked into the butter, is a great improvement.

SWEENEY AND STIFLE LAMENESS.—We are well aware that amongst the generality of horse-owners, should any of their stock happen, by any means, to fall lame before, and without they can fine something that will clearly define the cause, in the shape of a bruise or wound, or some other ocular demonstration, they will immediately pronounce it *sweeney*, and commence to blister and burn the shoulder, and resort to innumerable barbarous remedies, such as passing a red-hot iron through the interguments to the scapula; and then, when the owner finds, after all his treatment, that the animal is no better, he will then take him to a veterinarian, who, on examination, generally finds the seat of disease in the foot; as I am pretty well convinced that shoulder lameness is rare to be met with, and that the shrinking of the shoulder, termed sweeney, generally caused by the constant pain arising from the foot; and as a matter of course, the muscles adjoining will naturally sympathise and contract; for on the disease of the foot being removed, the muscles of the shoulder will gradually fill up and enlarge. I will give a case in point: A short time ago, a gentleman brought a bay gelding to me for examination, which had been lame for three months, from the effects of *sweeney*, for which imaginary disease everything imaginable had been applied. I immediately had his shoe removed, and made a close examination of the feet, when I found the animal suffering from navicular disease; but as to making the owner believe he was lame in the foot, was an utter impossibility. Nothing would do but that I must treat him for sweeney. I told him to leave the horse, and I would do so. I immediately went to work at his foot, and in two weeks the animal was sound; and on my stating to the owner that I had done nothing to the shoulder, he was perfectly astonished; and so it is in cases of the hinder parts, for in almost every case the horse is pronounced stifled by some blacksmith or stableman, who often punish the animal by putting on a high-heeled shoe.—*Am. Veterinary Journal.*

FALL TREATMENT OF ASPARAGUS.—As soon as the heavy frosts come to kill the tops, they should be cut and removed to the stye, or to the compost heap. The surface of the beds, which has become hard, and perhaps weedy, should now be thoroughly scarified with the hoe, or forked over, taking care not to injure the crowns. About the last of the month, spread on a heavy coating of stable manure, at least a half cord to every two square rods. The rains will carry down its fertilizing properties to the roots, and give them great strength and vigor for an early start in the spring. If near the shore, where marsh mud is accessible, a coating of this, one inch thick, in addition to the manure, will do good service. We have also found it an excellent plan to cover the beds with sea-weed or old hay during the winter. The roots keep active longer before the ground closes up; the ground does not freeze so deep, and starts sooner in the spring. The mulch of course needs to be removed as soon as the winter is over. Asparagus is a gross feeder, and can be had in its perfection only by high manuring. This we believe will pay, whether the bed has been thoroughly prepared or not.—*Agriculturist.*

When the stalks have turned yellow, mow them off close with a scythe, and burn on each bed its own crop, scattering the ashes evenly over it. Then take a broad-pronged fork, which should be used in every garden, and fork over the bed, being careful not to injure the crown of the plants, and apply a top-dressing of rich, short stable manure. Let this remain until the frost is out of the ground in the spring, when the loose top should be raked off, and the remainder forked in. About the first of April sprinkle over each bed a dressing of cheap salt to the extent that no portion of the ground can be seen. This is all that will be required until the ensuing fall.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

EGYPTIAN, OR MUMMY CORN.—Perhaps the most wonderful and interesting specimens of the fruits of the earth in the Horticultural Exhibition recently closed, was some *Egyptian corn*, raised in the gardens of Gen. William H. Sumner, of Jamaica Plain, and kindly sent by him for exhibition, thus giving thousands an opportunity of seeing one of the greatest curiosities within our knowledge. The seed from which this corn was raised, was taken from *the folds of cloth wrapped round a mummy three or four thousand years ago*, and, wonderful as it may seem, after being entombed for so many centuries, like a resurrection from the dead, it springs up in new life and vigor. It is undoubtedly the kind of grain for which Joseph's brethren went into the land of Egypt—the same "corn" of which the Bible speaks. It is luxuriant in its growth, and the heads resemble wheat, but are very much larger, forming in inverted conical clusters as large as the closed hand; the kernels are large and very sweet to the taste, and the stock and leaves are similar to our Indian corn. There seems to be no reason why it may not become a valuable addition to our cereal productions, and thanks are due to the gentlemen who are multiplying it and bringing it into notice.—*Boston Journal.*

SCRATCHES IN HORSES.—"It is said" that this often troublesome disease, unless very bad, may be cured by washing thoroughly with soap suds, and then rubbing with lard fried out of salt meat. Keep clean, and wash and grease every other day until a cure is effected. Leaving mud to dry upon the legs of a horse is one great cause of this disease, and many horses are injured by want of care and cleanliness when driven in muddy weather.

CURE FOR FLESH WOUNDS IN HORSES.—I have never found anything better for wounds on horses than human urine; keep it in a vessel until it grows stale, then with a swab tied to the end of a stick, I wash the cut frequently: it has a tendency to cleanse and at the same time to heal the wound. I sometimes boil it up with Squaw or Blacksnake Root, which makes it better. I find it excellent for galled shoulders or back, healing them up in a short time. I have seen the scratches or grease cured in a short time by washing the feet with urine in which a little salt has been thrown; the horse should have a dose of physic at the same time, to purify the blood. I esteem this remedy equal to any of the celebrated liniments of the day.—*Corres. Country Gentleman.*

HOW MUCH SHOULD A COW EAT?—Cows, to give milk, require more food than most farmers imagine. J. W. Johnson, writing from Munich to the Country Gentleman, gives an interesting report of some experiments which have been made in Bavaria, from which the following is an extract: "Our trials have confirmed the view that cows, to give the greatest possible quantity of milk, must daily receive and consume one-thirtieth of their live weight in hay, or an equivalent therefor. If more food be given, it goes to the formation of flesh and fat, without occasioning a corresponding increase in the yield of milk; but if, on the contrary, less food be furnished, the amount and value of the milk will be greatly diminished.

PUTTING LIME INTO HAY.—"It is said" that lime slacked to powder and sprinkled upon clover partially dried, when it is put into the barn, will act as an absorbent, prevent heat and fermentation, and that the clover will come out in good condition in winter, and cattle eat it readily and thrive well upon it. We would not do it. If cattle are sick and need a little lime water, give it to them, but do not compel them to eat caustic lime daily, or let the hay alone and starve. If lime *must* be used in hay, then dissolve it, and use clear lime water only—but salt is far better.—*Agriculturalist.*

DETERMINING THE SEX OF CALVES.—This plan, mentioned last week, is said to have been long practiced by Mr. French, of Braintree, Mass., a cattle raiser.

A BELOOCHEE SUPERSTITION.—The Beloochees have the most singular ideas of an European that can well be conceived; struck with all they have heard and seen of their power, intelligence, and riches, they think not only that they can make gold, but also that their bodies and everything belonging to or in contact with them contains the precious metal. A few years before the date at which I am writing, Ali Khan received a visit at Sheikh Nassoor from an English doctor of the name of Forbes. He had been warned of the consequences which would assuredly befall him if he ventured within the clutches of this monster, but it was of no use—he was bent upon undertaking the journey, and paid the penalty of his curiosity with his life. Ali Khan murdered him in his sleep, and hung poor Forbes's body up in front of his own tent, which he ordered to be deluged with water during fifteen days consecutively. "You will see," he said to his people, "that this dog of an infidel will at last be transformed into good ducats." Finding, however, to his great amazement, that this proceeding did not produce the expected result, he thought he would boil the water with which the corpse had been washed, but with no better effect. It then occurred to him that the doctor, to play him a trick, and before his death made the gold pass from his body into the clothes and books which filled his trunks. Instead of burning these impurities, which had been his original intention, he had them cut and torn up into little bits, and mixed with the mortar destined to plaster his house. He had not yet had occasion to use it, but he informed us, as he related the details of this disgusting tragedy, that when he did he expected to see his house covered with a layer of the precious metal. Nothing would ever have induced him to forego this belief, and he did not disguise from me that he would have been happy if he could have added my poor corpse to the mortar in question.—*Ferrier's Caravan Journeys.*

HUSBAND BUYING IN TURKEY.—A writer in the Journal of Missions, says the "Jewish girls at Thessalonica (European Turkey) buy their husbands. They are betrothed, boys at fifteen or sixteen years, and girls at twelve, and married two or three years after. Every girl brings a dowry to her husband, the very poorest and most degraded about forty dollars, and thence up to one thousand. Brokers are employed to negotiate marriages. The father of a marriageable girl goes to a broker, and inquires what bridegrooms there are in the market. He chooses one, higher or lower in the social scale, according to the dower he can afford his daughter, the price he can pay, and makes an offer of so much dower. The bridegroom, through the broker, demands more; they chaffer and bargain for weeks, perhaps, and a bargain is struck. The parties never see each other till married. The dower is the wife's only security against divorce. The husband can divorce her when he chooses, but he must pay back the dower, that she may be able to buy another husband. Mrs. D. was telling a Jewish girl that we do not require any dowry in America. 'How then,' said she, in utter astonishment, 'do you, when he wants to divorce you?'"

THE FIRST EFFECT OF HEARING RESTORED.—It is amusing to watch the movements and to note the expressions of astonishment of some of those patients who are suddenly restored to acute hearing. This is most remarkable when the deafness has existed for years. The patients look around for an explanation of the unusual sounds they hear, and then the very movement of looking round rustles the dress; hearing the noise of which, they become quite bewildered. They cannot be brought to believe that the sounds they hear are natural. The noises in the street are at first terrific. A diverting case occurred in a short and remarkably corpulent old gentleman, residing somewhere at Pimlico. He related that on leaving the house in which his hearing had been restored, he bore it pretty well, until he got into Piccadilly, when the noise of the omnibusses (every one of which he thought would be upon him) so frightened him, that he started off in a run and never stopped until he got into Green Park.—*London Paper.*

THE EMPEROR'S VIGILS.—The Russian Emperor watched all night before the coronation in front of the sanctuary, or Holy of Holies, in the Ouspenskoi Cathedral; his young Empress accompanied him. There, amidst the silence of that ancient church (in which the glimmer of tapers and pendant lamps reflected from the jewels of the shrines, and the arms of the motionless escort, contended with the tall and nodding shadows,) the august couple spent the watches of the night in prayer to the King of kings. Some of the dignitaries of the Greek Church, who relieved each other, from time to time, intoned, at intervals, passages from the Psalms which suited the occasion.

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 36 letters.

My 14, 5, 27, 21, 8, 14, 13, 19, 16, was a celebrated English curate of Hertfordshire, who rose to the dignified station of Archbishop of Canterbury.

My 17, 11, 23, 3, 7, 15, 16, was a noted Englishman, a man of brilliant and versatile talent—distinguished as statesman, orator, and author.

My 22, 18, 4, 14, was an able and learned English judge whose resolution and firmness of mind were such that neither the smiles nor frowns of the great could prevail upon him to swerve in the slightest degree from what he imagined to be truth and law.

My 20, 31, 32, 33, 16, 20, was a lively and witty Irish writer and author of humorous works, sermons, letters, &c.

My 10, 8, 13, 21, was a distinguished chancellor of England, an able lawyer, and an honest statesman.

My 9, 25, 19, 29, 9, was a noted American novelist, whose romances of Indian life have gained him a high reputation on both sides of the Atlantic.

My 1, 22, 35, 16, 31, 36, 23, was an officer of the Revolution.

My 2, 8, 19, 6, 21, 23, was a member of the Continental Congress, and a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 10, 3, 26, 34, 37, 35, 16, was a major-general of the Revolution, afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania.

My 36, 15, 16, 22, was an eminent lawyer of Massachusetts, a member of the Continental Congress of 1776, and American Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg and afterwards chief-justice of his native State.

My whole was an English Earl of some note.

CINROS.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 90 letters.

My 31, 17, 25, 25, 53, 32, 75, 61, 85, 63, 6, was the father of physic.

My 14, 38, 16, 68, 53, 84, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 13, 48, 29, 21, 54, 7, was a King of Egypt.

My 10, 40, 72, 18, 86, 77, 88, 74, 12, 7, was a Greek historian.

My 25, 6, 62, 36, 41, 30, was an American commodore.

My 52, 22, 51, 36, 5, 14, 19, 18, 71, 4, 3, 7, was an ancient philosopher.

My 43, 78, 42, 23, was a Carthagenian general and writer.

My 11, 15, 73, 60, 90, 33, 6, 46, 70, is a town in Texas.

My 7, 18, 64, 25, 88, 24, was one of the most illustrious generals of antiquity.

My 18, 3, 44, 21, 72, 6, was a great medical writer.

My 14, 58, 9, 27, 4, 17, 38, was an officer in the American army.

My 50, 49, 80, 26, 25, 66, 23, 34, was an ancient historian.

My 28, 31, 17, 1, 45, 88, 60, 42, 74, was a celebrated divine.

My 89, 76, 82, 57, 69, 21, is a river in Texas.

My 65, 24, 4, 64, 78, 80, is a county in Texas.

My 85, 18, 41, 83, 79, 83, was an American general.

My 67, 73, 17, 65, 89, 56, 59, is a river in Texas.

My 61, 34, 62, 12, 72, 13, 20, 67, 50, 9, are noted springs in Texas.

My 39, 2, 61, 22, 3, 7, was one of the sages of Greece.

My 30, 29, 52, 31, 34, 3, was a tragic poet.

My 47, 12, 30, 68, 4, 24, 9, 9, was a French writer.

My 1, 66, 63, 7, 35, 51, 21, was a tragic poet.

My whole was an event that caused much sorrow to many families in the United States. N. T.

Walling's Ferry.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 7, 8, 13, 4, is the capital of Sardinia.

My 2, 5, 8, 14, 13, 4, is a county in Iowa.

My 3, 8, 13, 16, is a county in Ohio.

My 4, 13, 10, 16, is a river in Africa.

My 5, 14, 8, 12, 9, 4, is a town in Michigan.

My 6, 13, 11, 3, 8, is a river in Italy.

My 7, 6, 9, 10, is a mountain between Russia and Siberia.

My 8, 3, 13, 4, 16, is a river in Europe.

My 9, 6, 8, 5, is a town in Turkey.

My 10, 7, 4, 14, is a town in Sweden.

My 11, 16, 12, 15, 3, 4, is a town in Norway.

My 12, 16, 14, is a river in the United States.

My 13, 4, 14, 9, 10, is a river in Sweden.

My 14, 7, 11, 10, 13, 4, is a city in Ireland.

My 15, 10, 16, 4, is a river in England.

My 16, 8, 13, 3, is a town in Pennsylvania.

My whole is a remarkable curiosity in Virginia.

Jefferson County, Va. C. C. W.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is the name of a noble lord,
Who for Wallace and Scotland used his sword;
My second is found in every land,
A metal it is in great demand;
My one and two in one combined,
Is a lovely bird of the passage kind;
My third is what the mariner dreads
When far from his home the deck he treads.
My whole I like on a fiery steed,
When I urge him to his utmost speed.

Dorsett, Ill. MORVILLE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CINROS.

On a spring morning,
Early in May,
Sun brightly shining,
Cheerful the day,
Wafted by breezes, goes my *first* silently,
Slowly and stately
O'er brooklet and rill.

Soft and flexible my *first* and my *second*;
Useful to many my *second* you'll find—
Though I'm abused by many rude peasants.
Mind of the mortal
Inspired has my *whole*.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is a boy's nickname.
My 2nd is a verb.
My 1st and 2nd is a man's name.
My 1st, 2nd and 5th is a girl's name.
My 3rd denotes a person speaking.
My 4th is an article.
My 5th you will look for in vain.
My whole is one of the United States.

E. E. E.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a man owe $2,000, how much must he pay daily to cancel the debt, principal and interest, at the end of one year, reckoning the interest at 6 per cent., simple interest, and 365 days to the year? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What grows less tired the more it works? Ans.—A carriage-wheel.

☞ When is a man a four-handed animal? Ans.—When he doubles his fists.

☞ Why did the songster ask the woodman to spare that tree? Ans.—Because he thought he was a good *feller*.

☞ What is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on. Ans.—Warfare.

CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A tear from the eye of a needle.
A hat for the head of a river.
A shoe for the foot of a hill.
A tooth from the mouth of a river.
A bush which grew by the path of duty.
A rib from the shady side. HARP.

Warren, Vt.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Pocahontas, daughter of Powhatan. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Sand Leaf Mountain, Frederick Co., Md. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The heroes of the War of Independence. CHARADE.—Industrious (Indus-trio-us.) RIDDLE.—The letter E. CHARADE.—Notoriety (No-to-ry-e-t.) PHILOSOPHICAL PROBLEM.—236.8018 feet.

THE PERFECT PATTERN.—Once, in all human history, we meet a being who never did an injury, and never resented one done to him, never uttered an untruth, never practiced a deception, and never lost an opportunity of doing good; generous in the midst of the selfish, upright in the midst of the dishonest, pure in the midst of the sensual, and wise far above wisest of sages and prophets, loving and gentle yet immovably resolute; his illimitable meekness and patience never once forsook him in a vexatious, ungrateful, and cruel world.—*Christ in History.*